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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

The Week.

The Isthmian Commission's annual report on the Panama Canal never lacks one delightful element of interest: By how much has the latest estimate of cost moved still further from the original estimate of \$144,000,000? Progress is, of course, being made towards the completion of the vast enterprise. The millions of cubic yards of excavation may vary from year to year. The administrative and engineering systems may come in for frequent reorganization. But the one permanent, undeviating, unfluctuating factor in the construction of the canal is the rapid march of the final cost straight upwards. In 1902 the canal was to cost \$144,000,000, inclusive of police and sanitation. In 1906 it was to cost \$139,000,000, exclusive of police and sanitation, which will swell the total some seventy-five millions before the end. Now Col. Goethals's latest report, for the fiscal year ending last June, forecasts a total expenditure of \$375,000,000. The increase is explained as due, in the first place, to an addition of 50 per cent. to the amount of work necessary to be done, and of 20 per cent. to the cost of labor due to the enhanced cost of living, the difficulty of attracting labor from the United States, and the introduction of the eight-hour day.

If there is any prevailing idea that civil service reform means the keeping in office of the organization I shall find there, I will give the community a new idea of civil service reform.

This statement by Mr. George McAneny, president-elect of the Borough of Manhattan, was, of course, not designed to have any bearing on matters outside his own province, but it is nevertheless peculiarly timely in connection with the crookedness in the customs service. Whenever it happens that dishonest persons occupy places in the classified service, there arises, in certain quarters, a wail about the difficulty of the heads of the offices in getting rid of undesirable employees who are protected under the civil service rules. Many persons are doubtless under the impression that those rules interfere

with the power of the appointing authority to make removals, but that is not the case. The only requirement is that the cause of the removal shall be stated, and the person removed shall have a chance to protest, if he sees fit. There is no trial, public or private; the necessity of stating a cause (in so far as that necessity exists) is intended merely as a safeguard against wanton removals. No responsible officer need have the slightest fear of a crooked employee protesting if removed on some such general ground as that his work is not compatible with the good of the service; he will be glad enough to let it go at that. Collector Loeb is evidently not bothered in the least with the imaginary difficulty of the civil-service rules. The real protection furnished by the rules is in doing away with arbitrary removals for the purpose of giving places to political or personal favorites.

That Boston has not yet abdicated her ancient position as a source of civic leadership in the country is attested by the inauguration of a hopeful experiment. Nominations for the approaching Mayoralty election will, under the new city charter, be made by petition only, and party designations will be wholly absent from the ballot. It is plain, furthermore, that the people of Boston realize that a mere change of machinery, however excellent, will accomplish nothing without the active and intelligent interest of the best citizens. A committee of one hundred and fifty undertook to name a candidate upon whom the people who desire good government might concentrate their support, and the sub-committee to whom the finding of the right man was delegated included such men as Richard Olney, Attorney-General and Secretary of State under Cleveland, and Charles S. Hamlin, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. The nomination of the Committee of One Hundred and Fifty has now been made. Their candidate for Mayor is James J. Storrow, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, a member of the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., long president of the School Board, and the choice is indubitably a strong one. The Mayoralty of a big city is a great business office, and we must work,

in all our cities, toward bringing the people to demand the same kind of qualifications for that post as in the conduct of a great business.

In announcing his company's acquisition of control of the Western Union Telegraph, the president of the American Telegraph and Telephone—the old Bell Telephone Company—points out that “the making of one business the auxiliary of the other business would result in large economies both to the public and to the companies.” He instances the joint use of certain portions of the plant, meaning not the wires, but the offices and general service. In the matter of charges for telephone and telegraph service, Mr. Vail is guarded; he merely says that telephone service has been growing cheaper, and that telegraph service ought to reflect the benefit of coöperation. Nevertheless, this is, from the public's view, a crucial point. It is hardly necessary to say that an advance in telephone tolls, following—even at a distance of months or years—an announcement of this sort, will be ill received. Even more serious and disquieting is the bearing of the virtual merger on the question of competitive rates for telegraphing. For many years, the Western Union has had only two sources of competition in the field—the Postal Telegraph Company, which was a direct competitor, and the telephone company, which was an indirect competitor to the extent that high telegraph tolls or poor telegraph service would tend to drive patrons from the telegraph to both short-distance and long-distance telephone. The second of these, the indirect or potential competition, is extinguished by the present amalgamation. The other, that of the Postal Telegraph, has been an active force in compelling reasonable rates and efficient service. It cannot be described as altogether reassuring, despite the announcement of the Postal's independence, that the Postal holds a \$10,000,000 interest in the telephone company. What attitude the State or Federal Government will take in the matter is as yet by no means certain; that, also, will probably depend upon what construction is placed on the ulterior purposes of the merger.

Labor should acknowledge that justice and the law's delays are not always on the side of the capitalist plunderers. It is some time since Mr. Gompers was enjoined from preaching the boycott against the Bucks Stove and Range Company. It is some time since Mr. Gompers was sentenced to prison for contempt of court. Yet by the latest accounts Mr. Gompers is still at liberty and is still making public his views concerning Mr. Van Cleave. Our system of appeals and stays and appeals from appeals and writs of habeas corpus upon appeals from appeals works as efficiently in keeping a captain of labor out of jail as it does many a captain in the service of Mammon. Only the other day Mr. Gompers's lawyers obtained a stay of execution until November 29 in order that they might apply to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari to bring the case before that tribunal. The judge who granted the stay told the lawyers that, if it shall prove impossible to secure such a writ on November 29, they may obtain even more time. Appeal and stay, habeas corpus and certiorari—in their inextricable intertwining they are a mystery to the layman whose impious voice shall not be raised against the entire beautiful system, lest he, too, be found guilty of contempt of court and be sent to jail—in the year 1945.

It really begins to look as if the twenty-six victims of football who have died since the opening of the season, mostly because of mass-play, had not lost their lives altogether in vain. From every side come protests and demands that the game shall be either thoroughly reformed or abolished. The schools have taken the lead. Following the action of the St. Louis and Washington high schools, it is probable that the game will be prohibited in the New York city schools unless radically revised. The Berkeley School, one of the large private institutions of this city, has disbanded its team in response to protests from parents. The annual game between the Montclair Academy and the Montclair High School was cancelled when one team was already on the field, for the reason that a number of mothers preferred their sons alive to their sons dead. And the colleges are also stirring. Those of the Middle West have instructed their delegate to the Rules Commit-

tee to deliver an ultimatum, if they are to continue to play the game. This indeed assures revision. But revision alone will not suffice; if there is to be football, it must be reconstituted.

All this is in striking contrast to the apathy which has marked previous efforts to reform the game. When the *Nation* first attacked mass-play some fifteen years ago, it was difficult to rouse interest. Yet the revolving mass-play of those days was abolished, and some three years ago the play was opened up by requiring a ten-yards gain, instead of five. For a time it appeared as if this change, reluctantly wrung from the Rules Committee, had, together with the onside kick and forward pass, opened up the game sufficiently. But this season has witnessed a further reliance upon mass-play. The Harvard team on Saturday was well trained only in the "old-fashioned" game. It gained its ground by the deadly plunge into the line, the effect of which was shown in the very first rush; it "knocked out" Lilley, the veteran Yale tackle. The expectation that the Yale team would open up the game for the game's sake proved groundless. It was as if, in this last important contest of the season, both teams were bent upon proving how impossible the present game is.

The award of the Copley medal of the Royal Society to Dr. George W. Hill of West Nyack, N. Y., is an honor to an American that is not likely to get the public attention which it merits. The Copley medal is the highest distinction conferred by the Royal Society, and it is matter for national gratification that this honor at the hands of the oldest and one of the greatest of scientific societies should have been bestowed upon an American. And, while it may be invidious to make distinctions among different departments of research, yet a certain primacy belongs to that domain which is at once the most ancient field of scientific inquiry and demands for its exploration all the resources of the most abstract and most highly developed of sciences. Dr. Hill's work in celestial mechanics places him not only foremost among the mathematical astronomers of to-day, but marks him out as one of the extremely few men who, since the time of Laplace, have carried forward the great results em-

bodied in the "*Mécanique céleste*." His honor is a refreshing change from the wearisome process of round-robin degrees for college presidents.

In reading such a report as that of the new anæsthetic which enables a man to undergo an extensive surgical operation without pain and without loss of consciousness, one is impressed again with that steady, definite, and imposing progress of physical science which has been held by some eminent scientific men to constitute the most significant difference between scientific knowledge and the sort of thing that has been recently claiming widespread attention under the name of psychical research. The argument is not conclusive, but it is worthy of attention. Here we have been, for fifty years and more, confronted with alleged phenomena of table-tipping, slate-writing, and the rest. Thousands of laymen, and not a few men of scientific ability and ingenuity, have been interested in them. If they are genuine, they open up to the imagination boundless possibilities of development; and yet they are still at the stage of simply demanding to be recognized as true. Of course, it won't do to lay down laws to the powers of nature, still less to powers outside of what we commonly call nature; yet one cannot but feel that if these things had really been true, there should by this time have been some advance in the results brought out, at least faintly comparable with the advances that have followed upon every new opening in the field of electricity, or chemistry, or bacteriology.

The Christian Science machine at Boston functions with less ease than efficiency. It is a triumph for centralized authority that Mrs. Stetson should have found the backing of her own congregation, New York's oldest and wealthiest Christian Science congregation, avail her nothing. She is now outside the pale of the church and among the fallen angels. But it should be noted that, to bring this about, the guardians of the creed at Boston had to play their highest trump card. Mrs. Eddy herself had to break a silence and seclusion so profound as to have raised doubts whether she was alive at all, and chasten the sinner into submission by direct reproof. The culprit submits; it could not

be otherwise with Christian Scientists, while yet the founder of the faith is among them. It must be different in the future, when out-of-town congregations are pretty sure to rebel against the rule of the Boston Camarilla. There will probably be an Eddy testament in which the succession will be settled. But very few prophets have been successful in warding off schism after they are gone.

Last Monday's debate in the House of Lords, with the significant declaration by the Lord Chancellor, made it clear that the coming general election will turn on much more than the budget. The Liberals will go to the country for a warrant not merely to pass the present budget without interference by the Lords, but to pass all budgets and all important legislation without it. The result of the Constitutional struggle, if the Conservatives lose in the appeal to the electors, will be to strike at the veto power of the Lords in general, and to make it nearly as inoperative as that of the King has become. This question Liberal statesmen have long desired to find a way of bringing directly before the people. Gladstone would have eagerly made it the issue in 1893, after the rejection of the second Home Rule Bill, if he had not been so stricken in years. Even Lord Rosebery talked then of either mending or ending the House of Lords. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's proposals, two years ago, to deprive the Lords of the right to veto a bill passed a second time by the House of Commons, were an indication of this persistent search for ground upon which to make a fight against the Lords. The Liberals have been steadily looking for a good occasion. Some thought they would find it in the rejection of the Education Bill, but they did not then venture it. So with the killing of the Licensing Bill by the Lords, and the bill for the abolition of plural voting—many Liberals said, "Now is our chance!" but the leaders held back. Today, however, the Lords are themselves furnishing the opportunity which the Liberals have so long sought in vain.

The bringing about of so acute a crisis, involving such immense consequences, is a great surprise. It does not look like the English way of doing things. Especially does it appear as if

the Lords had walked into a net openly spread in the sight of the bird. Why should the Conservatives do what their enemies were devoutly praying that they would do? We admit sincerity on the part of many of the members of the House of Lords. Lloyd-George has frightened them. They honestly think that they are facing the first onset of a determined Socialist movement. Knowing the great risks which they take in resisting, they yet resolve to resist. But this is only a part of the story. Selfish interests are at work. Sinister means are employed. There is, first, the influence of the manufacturers who have been induced by Joseph Chamberlain and his agents to supply funds to finance the campaign for protective taxes. We have heard it credibly stated that they have already contributed as much as \$5,000,000. And they are getting impatient to have something to show for their money. They are betraying something of the haughtiness of our own protected manufacturers in demanding that legislation which they had bought and paid for should at once be enacted. Moreover, there are the brewers and keepers of public houses. They have been faithful allies of the Conservatives. There was too much truth in the assertion that the latter won the election of 1900 on the issue of "Beer and the Bible." The "trade" is strongly against the budget because it contains licensing clauses and liquor taxes most obnoxious to it. In one way or another, Balfour's hand has been forced, and he has been compelled to go reluctantly with his party into a fight which he would have avoided upon an issue which he would have evaded.

The French *Officiel* has recently published statistics which must be depressing reading for all Gauls who believe that a nation's greatness depends on its size. The number of births during the first half of the present year is shown to be smaller by twelve thousand seven hundred than those for the corresponding period of 1908. At the same time, deaths have increased by twenty-five thousand. From these figures, certain American newspapers have already drawn their usual conclusions as to the terrible decadence of France. That the situation is, from the standpoint of the French militarist, highly perturbing, there is no use in denying. Yet what

if the French plight of to-day is also our own dilemma of to-morrow? At Ithaca, Professor Wilcox of Cornell University states that "the decline of the birth-rate in the United States has probably been as rapid as in any country of Europe, and if it should continue unchecked for a century and a half, at the end of that time no births would take place." No one quite expects this last consummation—so soon, at least—but it is quite evident that the decrease is one which should set to thinking those of us who cherish illusions, if they are illusions, as to the virility of our "American" stock. Figures from Harvard College, cited by the Cornell statistician, indicate that for each hundred graduates there are in the next generation only seventy-three sons. This is a thin crop for Theodore Roosevelt's college, and we may now look for a revival of the ex-President's "race-suicide" preachments from almost any quarter.

The extraordinary series of Socialist victories in Germany continues. Parliamentary and municipal elections show the same result. The tide runs much more strongly towards the Social-Democrats than any mere reference to the ordinary swing of the pendulum can explain. In Great Britain, it is pretty nearly the regular thing for a party to win a general election and then, from the beginning, almost, to lose bye-elections. The greater its majority in the general election, the more rapid will its losses be when the original enthusiasm has died out. But in the case of the German Social-Democrats, no matter-of-course reaction, no local conditions, can explain what is taking on the proportions of an upheaval against the Government parties. Profound national discontent is voicing itself in Socialist votes—discontent with an Imperialism that is driven to tax the bread and light and air of the working masses, discontent with the traditional Government policy of ruling with kaleidoscopic blocs cemented, while they last, by very frank bargaining and log-rolling methods. Moreover, there is deep dissatisfaction with the so-called "Liberal" factions which, in their susceptibility to Court favor, and their exaggerated fear of Socialism, seem never to lose an opportunity of betraying the cause of Constitutionalism and anti-feudalism, for which they profess to stand.

THE SENATOR AND THE SUBSIDY.

That the ship-subsidy advocates have again taken heart appears clearly from Senator Root's speech at the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner. They were defeated at the close of the last session; but, like the boy in the advertisement, they can never be happy until they get a merchant fleet with the Government as a side partner—at the expense of every other American citizen, man or woman. Mr. Root's speech was deliberately timed to affect the Chamber, which is to pass its judgment upon this project within two weeks. It unfortunately did not receive the full measure of publicity it deserved as an example of the feebleness of arguments to which a bad cause can reduce even the most skilled advocate.

In brief, Mr. Root's argument was that ocean shipping is now in an entirely artificial situation. The blessings of the tariff have raised American wages and the standard of living so much that it is impossible for Americans to compete with foreigners. The latter are, however, themselves on an artificial basis, for the various nations, according to hitherto unpublished figures read by Mr. Root, are spending more than forty millions of dollars in subsidies to keep their ships going. Brain, brawn, and ability on the sea are now absolutely discounted, the Senator assured his listeners; it has come to be merely a question who pours out the most money in aid of private enterprise; to him the mastery of the sea will go. Hence, Mr. Root besought his hearers, the members of the best, the wisest, the noblest, the most enterprising, the ablest, the richest Chamber of Commerce, to join him in insisting that we should complete the vicious circle by extending the blessings of the protective tariff to our merchant marine. Only put that upon an artificial basis also, and our flag will be in every harbor. We shall be the most artificial, and therefore, the happiest of nations. More than that, wherever ships go they are, said Mr. Root, the surest harbingers of peace—therefore let us have American ships to pacify the world.

It is obvious that from any other source—Mr. Depew, for instance—these arguments would not merit the dignity of a reply. But Mr. Root, who has himself opposed making a fetish of the protective system, may possibly, through

his prestige, induce some of the members of the Chamber to believe that he told the whole story and showed the only way to recovering our lost shipping trade. Mr. Taft himself is a witness to the incompleteness of the statement, for he has lately admitted frankly that subsidies mean the taking of the money of all the people from the Treasury for the benefit of a few; but justifies it by saying that this is, after all, what the tariff is doing for the protected manufacturers. If Mr. Root had a sense of humor, he must have been inwardly amused at urging the Chamber of Commerce to go after foreign trade when the very object of our protective tariff is to cut down as far as possible the number of cargoes that foreigners can ship over the seas to us. Apparently, as long as we show the flag in various harbors it matters not whether our ships of the future shall make their return voyages empty—the Treasury will take care of all that.

Not one word came from Mr. Root's lips on our abominable navigation laws, which keep Americans from purchasing ships abroad and placing upon them the American flag. In the presence of the German Ambassador he spoke of the extraordinary prosperity of Germany's merchant marine, but naively overlooked the fact that German merchants, who have created their great fleet in forty years, have been free to purchase ships wherever they could get them cheapest. He also laid himself wholly open to the retort that if ships *per se* are harbingers of peace, German ships are quite as much so as English, and English as American. Waiving that, Mr. Root, besides free ships, wholly forgot the question of free raw materials for shipbuilders. Yet Republican shipbuilders who have built up our navy by grace of Republican imperialism have solemnly testified that the tariff makes a difference to them of 40 per cent. on "every conceivable item that goes into the cost of a ship." Here is artificiality with a vengeance.

That Mr. Root argues primarily for a mail subsidy rather than a tonnage bounty, makes no difference. The principle is the same. Grant the first, and it is but the opening wedge of special privilege; there will be boomers in plenty to insist upon more artificiality, upon the rescue of the tramp steamer

which, whatever its flag, is disappearing from the Atlantic much as has the sailing-ship. Another Senator, Mr. Burton of Ohio, has denounced Mr. Root's proposed first step of rehabilitation as certain to be of no benefit to our marine interests and utterly un-American in principle. But most amazing of all is the fact that Senator Root should have urged upon shrewd business men the blunder of creating an economically wasteful business, the best argument for which is purely sentimental. American ships everybody wants, but only if they can justify themselves on their own merits. Would Mr. Root ask New York city shippers to patronize the New York Central Railroad purely out of State pride, if it charged as high rates as the other lines and in addition each shipper were forced to contribute to the cost of maintaining the railway? Yet that is precisely the ship-subsidy translated into land terms. Nor do ships in themselves create trade. If anybody doubts this, let him see for himself the great array of ships lying idle in British docks because trade is so bad. Finally, in the presence of distinguished foreigners, Mr. Root joined the ultra-protectionists in denying American capacity; to the Chamber which built up New York in earlier days through the enterprise of its Peabodys, its Grinnells, its John Jacob Astors, its Peter Coopers, he announced the passing of all need for sea-capacity, for daring, for skill, for wetting the sails and running before gales after the fashion of those dauntless Americans who did show our flag in every port and asked no grants from the Treasury.

THE STANDARD OIL DECISION.

Careful perusal of the opinion in Saturday's decision against the Standard Oil Company will, we think, convince most readers that it is not only sound law as the statutes stand, but is conservative interpretation of the law. The decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals is, like the Supreme Court's Northern Securities decision of 1904, levelled primarily against the holding-company device, when employed for monopolistic purposes. This is shown alike by the reasoning of the decision and by the order whereby the court undertakes to remedy the situation.

It is, the court points out, the effort of every person engaged in interstate com-

merce "to draw to himself to the exclusion of others, and thereby to monopolize a part of that trade"; and this is not of itself illegal. But the oil combination goes further. The gist of its violation of law is "the combination and conspiracy of the numerous defendants, many of them formerly competitors, to restrain trade and to monopolize that commerce," and the achievement of such purpose through the contrivance of the holding company, without which such restraint "would not have existed and cannot continue." In its concluding order, the court does not enjoin the constituent companies from continuing business, but decrees that the holding company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey, shall receive no further dividends from such companies, and exercise no further control or voting right in their affairs. If the Supreme Court were to uphold the decision, the natural outcome, as in the case of the Northern Securities, would be the return of the stock in such constituent companies to the parties entitled to it under the trust.

In these conclusions, it is difficult to doubt that the Standard Oil decision is a logical sequel to that of the Northern Securities. The language of the court has, indeed, a peculiarly interesting bearing on the decision of 1904. The Northern Securities decision, it will be recalled, was the verdict of a divided court. Four justices on the Supreme Bench ruled against the company and four in its favor. The deciding vote was that of Justice Brewer. He dissented from the court's opinion against the company in its larger scope, on the ground that "Congress did not intend by that [Anti-Trust] Act to reach and destroy those minor contracts in partial restraint of trade which the long course of decisions at common law had affirmed were reasonable." But he also held that "if the parties interested in these two railway companies can, through the instrumentality of a holding corporation, place both under one control, then, in like manner, as was conceded on the argument by one of the counsel for the appellants, could the control of all the railways in the country be placed in a single corporation." On this ground, chiefly, he concurred in the decision against the Northern Securities.

That important admission by Mr. Johnson, counsel for the Northern Se-

curities, indicated most plainly the evil against which the courts are acting, and the nature of the remedy which they are applying. It was a common criticism, after the Northern Securities dissolution, that since the same parties as had controlled the holding company still controlled the stocks of Northern Pacific and Great Northern, therefore the situation was not changed at all. But a moment's reflection should convince the simplest mind that the situation had been changed, and radically. The holding company, with the enormous facilities for future acquisition provided by its machinery of exchanging stock for stock, had been struck down, and the natural order of things in the investment market and among the railways had been restored.

The holding company is in reality an invention of our day, and the courts have been compelled to deal with it as a new thing. Introduced ostensibly, in the excited "promotion era" of 1899 and 1901, for the purpose of restraining destructive competition, it is still too recent an industrial contrivance to admit any confident prediction as to what conditions would ultimately be created by it. Thoughtful consideration of the problem, however, and the actual history of some of the larger combinations, have established certain facts which are far from reassuring. One is, that the price of staple articles might, through the medium of such a holding company, be advanced to extortionate heights in defiance of actual market conditions. This has been proved by the history of the Amalgamated Copper, a holding company. Another is, that enormous power over industrial and financial conditions might be exerted and permanently held by a very few men, controlling such a company though owning merely a small minority of its stock. This was in substance admitted by Mr. J. P. Morgan, who asserted it as a virtue in these enormous corporations that their capitalization might be made so great as to render impossible the unseating of existing managements.

The formidable possibilities created by the general introduction of such industrial machinery scarcely need to be pointed out. It was possible, even for economic writers, to argue that the producing costs should be greatly lowered through the friendly cooperation of many allied producers, and that stability

of prices might be guaranteed through domination of one great corporation in a given trade. But it was also possible to picture a state of affairs, later on, in which not one industry, but all industries, might be so dominated by a group of men behind the holding companies that domestic competition would be no longer an efficient safeguard, and the consumer would be absolutely at the mercy of the controlling interests.

We do not believe that such a position has yet been reached in any industry. But the logic of the holding-company device pointed unmistakably to the possibility of such an outcome. The courts, we believe, have had that consideration always in view in their application of the Anti-Trust law. They have, however, also kept in view the principle that combination in itself is not illegal, and that the decision of the court as to its legality must depend on the nature, scope, and purpose of the power acquired through a given combination.

The Anti-Trust Act of 1890, under which the Northern Securities and Standard Oil decisions have been handed down, is an imperfect measure, in so far as it makes in its language no express discrimination regarding the character of combinations which it proscribes. Part of the present Administration's programme is to press for alteration or amendment of the statute on such lines. Meanwhile, however, it is clear from the language of Saturday's decision that the courts are observing such discrimination for themselves.

THE REFORMS IN INDIA.

Lord Morley has redeemed his promise to the people of India. The changes in Indian legislation and administration which went into effect last week are regarded by British opinion and by the great mass of moderate opinion in Hindustan as a decided step towards ultimate self-government. A few elementary facts concerning the British governmental system in India will make clear the nature and importance of Lord Morley's reforms.

Leaving out of account the India Office in London, the country as a whole is ruled by a Viceroy, or Governor-General, and a council of twenty members. The press dispatches are in evident error when they speak of an increase in the Viceroy's Council from 126 mem-

bers to 370. The Viceroy's Council and all the provincial councils together number only about 140 members, and that is probably the total to which the 126 applies. The Viceroy's Council is subdivided into two. Seven members, all of whom up to last March were Englishmen, constitute a privy or executive council in whose hands the real powers of government are vested. For the purpose of making laws and regulations, thirteen additional members, Englishmen and natives, are called in. In the full council the natives form one-half of the membership. But, as Indian opinion used to complain, the "making of laws and regulations" did not partake of the essence of real law-making or administration. Government policy was shaped and Government secrets were discussed by the odd half-dozen of Ordinary Members among whom a native took his seat for the first time only six months ago.

For the purposes of administration India is divided into nine great provinces under governors, lieutenant-governors, or chief commissioners. Seven of the provinces have legislative councils made up, like the Viceroy's Council, of Englishmen and natives, in about equal numbers. But the sharp division between Hindus and Mohammedans among the natives, and the natural prestige of the ruling race, have given the English element control of the councils. Two of the seven provinces, Madras and Bombay, have small executive councils made up exclusively of Englishmen. As in the Viceroy's Council, the additional members, English and native, are called in to make "laws and regulations." In other words, the system over all India where legislative councils exist and natives are admitted to membership, virtually amounts to giving the natives the privilege of debating and ratifying policies and measures already decided upon by the British administrators. This is the system against which India protested and which Lord Morley's reforms have profoundly modified.

Under the new régime, the provincial councils are enlarged, and to the non-official element, which means practically the native element, is given an absolute majority in membership. The initiative in legislation and administrative policy will still come from the Government, of course, but members have the right to bring forward "supplementary" questions, or virtually to interpellate the

Government. An absolute majority in the Council, even if it were restricted to the making of "laws and regulations," could force concessions by a policy of obstruction. But under the new régime the budget will come up for debate in the Councils. In any case, the British administrator will be driven to discard something of the air of omnipotence and omniscience which Mr. Kipling so rejoices to honor, and will have to explain and account, in increasing measure as time goes on, to the representatives of the people over whom he rules. In Bombay and Madras, where the real power is vested in the inner or executive council, natives are to be eligible for membership in that body. The reconstitution of the Viceroy's Council, which is to number sixty members, and not 370 as reported in the daily press, is not to be put into effect for a few months. But that is because, in the case of the Viceroy's Council, the most important step was already taken in March last, when a Bengali lawyer entered the innermost citadel of English power as an Ordinary Member.

Undoubtedly, this entrance of natives into the executive councils constitutes the most important concession to India. It is not unfair to look upon the British rule in India as the rule of a handful of conquerors imposed on a submissive but by no means reconciled population. That is the view which British opinion and Hindu opinion of all shades openly or implicitly recognize. It is a momentous step, therefore, that the representatives of the subject population shall be admitted into the innermost councils of the dominant race. Let us make the rather wild assumption that the Viceroy's Executive Council will have to take measures next year against the danger of a general native uprising. Such measures will have to be discussed in the presence of the Bengali member of the Governor's Council. It may very well be that Mr. Sinha will turn out the most loyal man in the Council. But the significant thing is that the Viceroy's Council will no longer have the aspect of the general staff of an army of occupation. It will be truly a Council for India, because India's native sons will make their voices heard in debate.

There is little reason to doubt that the new system will work well. The admirable thing about the British character is that it loyally recognizes the

fait accompli. The London *Times*, which had fought concessions in India tooth and nail, is beginning to hope. "The capacity of the enlarged councils," it says, "will be judged mainly by their methods of treatment of the budgets. If a businesslike attitude be adopted by the Indian members instead of the present practice of diffuse speechmaking, with much ill-informed criticism, the official finance of the governments may benefit by the change of procedure." The principal danger in the way at present seems to be the possibility that the Hindu majorities may swamp the Mohammedan minority and lead to racial oppression. But the *Pax Britannica* has grown weak indeed, if it cannot hold a reckless Hindu majority under control.

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA.

Our State Department's approval of the Chino-Japanese conventions concerning Manchuria signed on September 4, comes somewhat belated, but welcome nevertheless. We have it now authoritatively laid down that the open door is still open, that Japan's railway and mining concessions do not create a monopoly in her favor, and that Chinese rights in the territory occupied by Japan have been duly respected. Great Britain, Germany, and France, who presumably are as interested in maintaining their foothold in China as we are, at once expressed their satisfaction with the agreement between China and Japan. Questions which had been hanging in the air for years were disposed of, and that was an advantage for every one. We alone, in one of our sporadic awakenings to the immense importance of our interests in China, began to scent a devilish game by Japan. We were going to protest, we were not going to protest; we were going to send a man to the spot who knew how to push American commerce—we called him back before he got on board ship. Only after two and a half months of confused polemic, the State Department begs to state that there is no reason for growing excited.

The regular outcry against Japan's attempt to close the open door in Manchuria coincides with the regular outcry about the decline of American trade in China. Naturally, the two must be related as cause and effect. If our imports into Manchuria go down while Japan's go up, it must be because Japan

will have it so. We refuse to recognize that there can be any legitimate reasons why Japanese commerce should grow in Manchuria. Yet a moment's candid reflection would show that there are at least three powerful reasons. First, it is manifestly absurd to believe that such political paramountcy as Japan holds in Manchuria does not inevitably carry with it a trade advantage. A good many Americans, if we remember well, once had a good deal to say about trade following the flag. Much more reason is there now for Japanese trade following the Japanese flag across scarcely a hundred miles of sea. Without infringing even the spirit of the international agreements concerning equal opportunity in China, the Japanese Government would be more than human if it did not give its subjects broader opportunities for trade in Manchuria than the outsider can compass. Nor is any of the other nations in a position to throw stones.

A second factor in the growth of Japanese commerce in the Manchurian provinces is the increase of the Japanese population there. Korea has absorbed since the war possibly a half-million Japanese. Manchuria must have received a very large immigration. When we are told that the importation of Japanese cottons into Niuchwang has been making headway at the expense of the American product, it is well enough to remember that, other reasons aside, the Japanese immigrant is pretty sure to patronize the Japanese article. Here is a case where the Mikado's Government might indulge in absolutely Aristidean impartiality and yet be compelled to witness a steady growth of her imports into Manchuria. But neither the first nor the second reason can compare with the third great reason for the growth of Japanese trade—Japan's fitness to hold her own and more with the other Powers in fair economic competition. Again, it would be absurd to overlook Japan's enormous advantage in her proximity to the market, an advantage that did not count when Japan was in her industrial infancy, but one that must count tremendously when Japanese ingenuity and resourcefulness have mastered the processes and methods of industrial success. The energies of a nation called forth by a successful Titanic war for self-preservation are inevitably seeking an outlet in the industrial sphere.

What reasons exist under present conditions in this country for the growth of American commerce in Manchuria? We held a predominant place in that region ten years ago, largely because of lack of competition and in spite of our notoriously bad trade methods. Now there is Japanese competition to meet. To overcome Japan's advantage of an enormously cheaper labor market and much lower freights, what efforts have we made at home, what new resources have we brought to play on the Chinese market? At home the mockery of tariff-revision sends the cost of living steadily upward, and makes even the semblance of competition with Japan in the matter of labor-cost unthinkable. In China the American merchant clings to his fine antediluvian habit of carrying the stock he himself likes best, packing and labelling his wares to suit himself, and as for making himself familiar with the language and habits of his public—ridiculous!

Is it not now as plain as a pikestaff that if Japanese trade in Manchuria is growing and American trade is declining, it must be the wicked Japanese who are behind it all? Hence, we have piteous appeals to the State Department to keep the open door from being shut on American thumbs. Then come heroic measures for stimulating American interests with the strychnine and digitalis of railway loans forced down China's unwilling throat. At bottom, how sincere are our great manufacturers in all this pother about the disappearing Chinese market? If our tariffed industries displayed one-tenth the ingenuity in China that they expend in separating the American consumer from his money, they would not be howling every little while at the doors of the State Department. One fine Southern imagination has declared that if the Chinese people would add one inch to the length of their shirts, the product of our cotton mills would be doubled. But only let our tariff barons add one cent to what the American citizen pays for his yard of cotton cloth, and the Chinaman's shirt can go on lengthening till it sweeps the ground in sacerdotal folds, for all our manufacturers care.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Not often is the nation called upon to mourn a truer patriot than Richard Watson Gilder; not often has it been

better served by one whose career was that of letters. For the inspiration of his pen was the desire to better not only the administration of the state, but the lot of every individual. So it has been that every civic movement of importance in New York city has turned instinctively to Mr. Gilder for encouragement, certain of his approval. The frail, delicate physique was lashed from one public service to another by the same dauntless spirit which, at seventeen, had made him a cannoneer at Gettysburg amid the hardships of a campaign that overcame many a stouter body—and always with a modesty so great that to far too many people the splendid character of the service rendered was quite unknown.

Not, however, to those who had followed or participated in the battle for a better and worthier New York. They know that Mr. Gilder took up the cause of the poor unasked, because his heart cried out against the conditions in which the poor lived and live; they know that in the work of the Gilder Tenement House Commission he set himself a monument of which any man might be proud. To his initiative and leadership more than to that of any other one man the three millions who live in New York's tenement houses owe the reforms which, as Jacob A. Riis has well said, "tore down a hundred 'dens of death' and gave the poor tenants' children playgrounds where before they had only the street and the gutter"; it was Richard Watson Gilder "who opened small parks and recreation piers, who compelled the building of new schools; who shaped the laws that made the tenant safe against the horrid peril of midnight fires"; thanks to him there were saved each year more than 12,000 infant lives. Yet great as was this civic achievement, the sum total of his many hundred others is even greater. In campaign after campaign for city righteousness he would take assignments to East Side meetings, often speaking in the open fairly at the risk of his life and always with complete self-abnegation.

The same kindliness and the same devotion to the highest ideals, the same simple modesty, characterized Mr. Gilder, the editor. The inspiration for those poems, lyrical and epigrammatic, for which as a writer he will chiefly be remembered, came largely from his pub-

lic service. Through all the exacting cares of so full a life he ever heard comforting melodies and wedded his activities to rhyme. If he never reached the poetical heights, he had the rare faculty of expressing popular emotion in graceful form. At dedications and other large public ceremonies his charm and tact rarely, if ever, failed him. In the volume of his collected verse, published only the other day, his poems of patriotism and civic duty are brought together and printed in capitals to correspond in type to the clear-cut style of the lines—as if they were meant to be cut in stone. Here, at times, he attained to true gravity and force. Who now, we may ask, shall inscribe Mr. Gilder's own character in fit and measured verse? In his sonnet to him Mr. William Watson has just—alas! in vain—urged Mr. Gilder still to

sing with note sincere
And English pure as English air hath heard,
And so, though all the fops of style misuse
Our great brave language—tricking out with
beads
This noble vesture that no frippery needs—
Hélp still to save, while Time around him
strews
Old shards of empire, and much dust of
creeds,
The honor and the glory of the Muse.

But the greatest usefulness of lives like this is, after all, the assurance they give that, despite its shortcomings, in its finest citizenship America remains a land of ideals. There could be no more fitting time than this moment of the exposure of corruption in high finance, to recall to the country where the true human values really lie. Mr. Gilder owned no palace on Fifth Avenue; he had acquired no great means, and, in this "get-rich-quick" age, he had never taken care to cheat and bribe his way to the proud position of a multi-millionaire patron of the arts and sciences. It never occurred to his simple mind that greatness lay that way, that to serve one's country one should debauch its employees, and filch from its revenues. He never even deemed it desirable to purchase the highest legal talent to tell him how to circumvent the laws. And so he lived no life of luxury and commercial power, but a life that made him justly respected and cherished of all whose opinions were worth having. The friendship of every one bravely devoted to higher things was his, and rarely has any single New Yorker been beloved in so many places and circles.

As it was said of Lecky, his was an extraordinary combination of gentleness and strength—the gentleness of righteousness, the strength of the unselfish patriot.

AUSTRALASIAN LITERATURE.

SYDNEY, November 1.

The literature of Australia and New Zealand is still largely merged in that of their Motherland. Australian authors often send their books to be published in London, desiring a wider recognition because they believe they are making contributions to English literature, or else despairing of such a sale at the Antipodes as will make the publication lucrative. Some of these have been authors before they relinquished academic or other positions "at home" to come out to Australia, where they have gained still higher positions, and where they continue the researches that have won them repute.

The writings of Professor Hearn of the University of Melbourne, belong to English literature. At first professor of classics in Queen's College, Belfast, he issued a volume on Economics, called "Plutology," which he afterwards recast and republished. About 1860 he published a work of greater importance, "The Government of England." It was remarkable, as the earliest attempt to apply the cosmic principles of Herbert Spencer to political history. At that date Spencer had reached only the second and still imperfect form of those principles about to be expounded in his "First Principles." It was a proof of Hearn's sagacity that, even so, he grasped their philosophical significance, and successfully applied them to the elucidation of English constitutional history. Does Dr. Hearn, asked at the time the skeptical *Saturday Review*, really believe that he is throwing light on that history by explaining it as a process of evolution, engineered by those two handy demiurges, integration and differentiation? No one asks so guileless a question now. When historians of the old school, like the late Samuel Gardiner, were confronted in the *Academy* (by the present writer) with the evolution of English kingship as described by Hearn, they were astonished and discomfited. Ten years after its publication the book was shown to Herbert Spencer with the remark that his name was only once mentioned in a volume of which not one line could have been written as it was but for his "Essays." The magnanimous philosopher seemed, however, more gratified with the application of his ideas than disappointed with the scanty acknowledgment made of their source.

Soon after he arrived in Australia Hearn was tempted, as C. H. Pearson the historian was tempted, by the al-

lurements of politics and office. Unlike Pearson, he did not resign his professorship; but he was elected a member of the Legislative Council (or Senate), where his conspicuous talent soon made him a leader. He took an energetic part in the hot strife that waged for years between the first and second legislative chambers in Victoria over the right of the second to amend financial bills sent up by the first. He did not, however, sacrifice literature to politics. Always a secondary mind, deriving the generative concept of each work from some original thinker, he now assimilated the chief idea of his third treatise, "The Aryan Household," from Fustel de Coulanges's "La Cité antique." It was a remunerative loan, and it carried Hearn into fields of speculation far beyond the range of his primary author. His view of the origin of the state, in particular, was bold and novel, and showed that, if Spencer was his philosophical master, he was no slavish disciple. For the volume abounds in originalities, and it was notable for containing the first application of the evidence drawn from Indian history to determine the course of political evolution.

Hearn left behind him no pupils to carry on his work. The problems he grappled with were, however, approached from another point of view by inquirers trained in a very different school. A circular issued by Lewis Morgan, who put a number of queries to missionaries, travellers, and residents among savage peoples, fell into the hands of a missionary, Lorimer Fison, and A. W. Howitt, an Anglo-Australian. They unknowingly resumed the work of Sir George Grey in Western Australia thirty years before, when he discovered the system of exogamous clan-marriage. Fison and Howitt pushed their researches further, and discovered the unbounded privileges and the stern prohibitions attached to it. The subject had its comic sides, which excited derision. The black man on his travels could have, if a crow were his totem, a thousand miles of wives belonging, say, to the kangaroo-clan. These writers also completed the solution of the problem, initiated by the discovery of exogamy, why a man could have no relations with his mother-in-law, though she might be his next-camp neighbor. Howitt continued his inquiries; and the results of them, stated in a work on "The Native Tribes of Southeast Australia," and in papers read before the Anthropological Institute, are recognized as first-hand sources of information on some of the most disputed points in anthropology.

In those days McLennan was still the chief authority on primitive marriage, and his condemnation of the fruits of Fison's and Howitt's inquir-

ies, as shown in the answers to Lewis Morgan's queries, was authoritative and severe. He described them contemptuously as "a tangle of mystifications," as he had previously called Morgan's conclusions the product of delusion. When the results of the Australians' researches were afterwards published in a substantial form, they still met with little appreciation save from Tylor and Andrew Lang. Two new Australian inquirers were to confirm them in a decisive manner. Mr. Gillen had lived for twenty years among the Arunta tribe in Central Australia. Prof. Baldwin Spencer of the University of Melbourne had been trained by Tylor at Oxford. Both were believed by the blacks to be initiates. When, therefore, they engaged in the Horn Expedition of 1894 and the Syme Expedition of 1902, they were unhesitatingly granted access to all tribal ceremonies. The inner life of the tribes was laid open to them. Rites that had never before been witnessed by white men were seen and photographed. They gave the first account of the tribes between the Macdonnell Range of Central Australia and the Gulf of Carpentaria. They observed a gradual change in organization and beliefs as they passed from the more primitive tribes near Lake Eyre to the more advanced tribes of the Gulf, but yet established a fundamental likeness among them all. Some of the more specific conclusions are striking.

They ascertained the universality of the belief that children are not procreated, or, at all events, that every living member of a tribe is regarded as the incarnation of a spirit ancestor. They extended the area of the belief that the members of a totem-group are held answerable for the increase of the animal or plant that gives its name to a group. They have discovered that there is no radical difference in social organization between the tribes where female inheritance rules and those where descent is through the male line. But perhaps the most interesting of all their researches is that which has led them to the conclusion that the classificatory system of relationships first devised by Lewis Morgan, and confirmed as regards the Australian blacks by Fison and Howitt, is inexpugnable. The two latter inquirers the authors hold to be the founders of Australian anthropology. The structure that Gillen and Spencer have reared on that base in the volumes, "The Native Tribes of Central Australia" and "The Northern Tribes of Central Australia," is of inestimable value and high authority.

While these researches were being pursued on the continent, parallel inquiries were prosecuted in the adjacent islands of New Zealand. The "Polynesian Mythology" of Sir George Grey (of which a second edition, unrevised, has been issued by the Government)

needed to be corrected and supplemented. John White had lived long among the Maoris in an official capacity, knew their usages and their beliefs as no other ever did, and had embodied fragments of his erudition in a fictitious narrative, "Te Rou." He was no less deeply acquainted with their legends and myths, and he was commissioned by the Government to translate his accumulations and to put them in literary form. After exasperating delays, there at length appeared a succession of volumes ("The Ancient History of the Maori"; Wellington, N. Z.), which was brought to a close, not to an end, by the editor's sudden death. The results are valuable, but perhaps need sifting. Of portions of the first-issued volume Sir George Grey declared to the present writer that White had sometimes mistaken obscene Maori songs for theological myths. But he brought together a large legendary collection, drawn from many different sources and derived from the very lips of priests and chiefs.

The pen that Death struck from the hand of White has been taken up by Johannes Carl Andersen. Of Danish birth, but of New Zealand rearing, he has come to the primitive Maori with a mind steeped in Scandinavian lore. A poet himself, his work ("Maori Life in Aotearoa"; Christchurch, N. Z.) is an attempt at an imaginative and sympathetic realization of the life the old Maori led. He is vividly portrayed in war and in peace, as cultivator, wood-carver, hunter, and sea-farer. He is seen, no less, in his recreations—in the ceremonious *haka*, and in the fireside recital of legends concerning fairies, demons, and gods. He is depicted as a warrior, creeping like a sleuth-hound on the track of his foe, crafty, remorseless, implacable, and, at the orgies of the cannibal feast, a very brute. Using White's collections, which he calls his "base-work", and calling to his aid all appropriate contemporary research, Mr. Andersen has produced a very interesting volume, solid in its erudition, glowing in its idealization, and strangely attractive by its exotic manner of dramatic presentment. It is the work of an ancient skald in the South Seas. Mr. Ngata, a pure-blooded chief who writes the best English, a legislator who is on his way to cabinet rank, vouches equally for the broad truth of the pictured scenes and the accuracy of their details. Mr. Andersen believes that the painter and the sculptor will find in Maori lore subjects for many a canvas, figure, or group; and poets will discover matter enough for twenty epics. His own book is perhaps the first of those epics.

Two other recent New Zealand works, both published by Whitcombe and Tombs, Christchurch, deserve to be men-

tioned. One of them, Earle's "Nine Months Residence in New Zealand in 1827," is a reprint of a book first issued in 1832, when New Zealand was a land almost unknown save to the missionary and the beach-comber. In it were first made those charges against the Anglican missionaries, of appropriating Maori lands, which were sheeted home to them nineteen years later by Gov. Grey. In the *Quarterly Review* Southey (for it was evidently he) warned his readers that Earle's "statements must be received, for the present, with anything but rash confidence." The other book, "Bishop Harper and the Canterbury Settlement," by the Rev. H. T. Purchas, instructively shows once more how large a part is still played by the priests in the infancy of a community. The venerable prelate lived to see the young "settlement" become an important province in a new federation. We may add that he was the brother of that Jesuit father who has given a commanding synthetic view of the Scholastic philosophy, which also belonged to the less advanced stages of society.

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Louis I. Haber is another of the older book-collectors who are sending their treasures to the auction room. Mr. Haber has been collecting about twenty-five years, and many of his books and manuscripts were bought at prices which will be exceeded many times over at the sale to be held by the Anderson Auction Co. in twelve sessions, afternoons and evenings of December 1 and 2, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Part I, to be sold next week, contains the books from A to K of the alphabet, with a selection of the important literary manuscripts. Among the early English books are Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1532), Barclay's "Ship of Fools" (1570), Chaucer's "Workes" (the undated edition printed about 1550), John Heywood's "Woorkes" (1577), and Roger Ascham's "Toxophilus" (1571) and "Scholē Master" (1579). Among books of the Seventeenth Century are Ben Jonson's "Works" (1616), Chapman's "Whole Works of Homer" (1616), Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies" (1647), Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1621), Greene's "Never Too Late to Mend" (1607), Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms" (1633), Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), and Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648). Of modern authors there are first editions of Keats's "Poems" (1817), "Endymion" (1818), and "Lamia" (1820); and books by Mrs. Browning, Matthew Arnold, Dobson, Gosse, Eugene Field, and other authors, English and American. Among club publications are nearly complete sets of the publications of the Grolier Club, the Bibliographical Society, and the Bibliophile Society, with a long series of William Loring Andrews's books and specimens of the Kelmscott, Daniel, and other presses. The manuscripts in this portion include a twenty-eight-page letter of Keats; a translation in Irving's autograph of a part of Sahagun's "Conquest of Mexico," 86 pages; O. W. Holmes's "The Stereoscope and

the Stereograph," thirty-one and a half pages; Bret Harte's "Lothaw," thirty-nine pages; J. Fenimore Cooper's "Life of Richard Dale," sixteen pages; Conan Doyle's "The Sign of the Four," 160 pages; and two sketches by Mark Twain, a set of autograph letters of the Presidents, and other interesting documents.

On Tuesday, November 30, the same auctioneers will sell Frank Maier's collection of miscellaneous autographs. There is a manuscript by Longfellow of his poem "The Children's Hour" on four pages, quarto; a manuscript by Holmes of "The Voiceless," one-page quarto; and letters of Carlyle, Gladstone, Dickens, Cooper, Hawthorne, Leigh Hunt, Oscar Wilde, Gen. Grant, and others.

On the evening of December 3 they will sell a collection of Japanese prints, upwards of two hundred lots, and some Japanese stamps and coins.

The collection of the late Clarence H. Clark of Philadelphia is to be dispersed this season by Stan V. Henkels, in several sales, the first being on November 30, afternoon and evening. This library is perhaps most notable for the extra illustrated copy of the Works of John Lothrop Motley, extended from nine to twenty-seven volumes and inlaid from octavo to folio. Mrs. Clark was a daughter of the historian, and on this account Mr. Clark took especial pride in building up this set, having spent, it is said, \$35,000 upon it. The first sale includes also the illuminated manuscripts, among them being a fine Book of Hours of the Fourteenth Century, on 186 leaves, with thirteen full-page miniatures and twenty-four smaller ones, and an interesting Persian manuscript, being the "Shah Nameh" of Firdausi, of sixteenth century execution. There are several of the most famous books from the Elzevir. Among early Americana are Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined" (1649); Champlain's Voyages (1632), with the large map in facsimile; Capt. John Smith's "True Travels" (1630); the very rare "Breedem-Raedt aende Vereenichde Nederlandsche Provintien" (1649), and DeVries's "Korte Historiaal" (1655), the last two being among the earliest printed books relating to New York. Many of the books are in elaborate tooled or inlaid bindings.

On December 1 and 2, C. F. Libbie & Co., in Boston, will sell the libraries of W. K. Stafford of Newton, Mass., and William Parsons Lunt of Boston. The collection is chiefly notable for the books and pamphlets relating to the Indians and for American local history, especially books on Michigan, the region of the Great Lakes, and California.

Hawthorne's first book, "Fanshawe, a Tale" (Boston, 1828), a fine copy, sold in the first Maier sale last week for \$350, and other first editions of Hawthorne sold at moderate prices: "The Sister Years" (1839) bringing \$150; "The Celestial Railroad" (1843), \$140; and "Time's Portraiture" (1853), \$50.

Correspondence.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Few poems have been more often reprinted than "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but no two of the copies, even in

the best anthologies, agree exactly in their reading. Concerning one of these variations, "sullenly," or "suddenly," in the seventh stanza, there has often been lively discussion among editors and critics; some asserting that "suddenly" is the only authoritative reading, others saying that Wolfe wrote "sullenly" at first, but afterward "altered it at the suggestion of a literary friend."

This latter statement, based upon a note from "an early friend of the author" (printed in the London *Morning Chronicle*, October 29, 1824), is incorrect. The "early friend," commenting on the line, "That the foe was suddenly firing," says that it "was originally written" thus: "Of the enemy sullenly firing." But the Rev. John A. Russell, in the "Remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe," 1825, remarks that the line was at first written, "That the foe was sullenly firing"—the reading in the text as he prints it. He adds:

It was subsequently altered as he [the writer in the *Morning Chronicle*] gives it, at the suggestion of a literary friend; but it seems proper to print it as it actually stands in the author's own manuscript, from which I take it. There is no difference in sense; but perhaps some may think the rhythm better as it was originally written.

This obviously refers, not to "sullenly" (which is the same in both readings, and which *would* make a serious difference in the sense), but to the words that *precede* "sullenly." I cannot, however, agree with Archdeacon Russell, that the "rhythm" of "That the foe was" is possibly better than that of "Of the enemy," which Wolfe adopted when it was suggested.

That "sullenly" was the original and the only reading of the poet is definitely settled by a communication I received more than ten years ago enclosing a careful copy of a letter from Wolfe, written immediately after he completed the poem. I regret that I have lost or mislaid the letter accompanying this interesting manuscript, and cannot recall the name of the sender. The original letter of Wolfe was somewhat worn and torn, and its imperfections are minutely indicated in the copy; but luckily they do not obscure the text, the only lost words being "rest" and "him," in the last two lines of the third stanza, with the last letter of "him" in the preceding line and the first letter of "Few" at the beginning of the next stanza.

The letter is addressed (on the same sheet containing the poem) to

John Taylor Esq
at the Revd Mr. Armstrong's
Clononilly
Cashel

It begins (or the portion copied does) thus:

I have completed the Burial of Sir John Moore, & will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much [here there is something lost]

The text of the poem follows in the spelling and pointing of the original. The stanzas are numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a Soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast

Not in sheet or in shroud we wound [him],
But he lay like a Warrior taking his [rest],
With his martial cloak around [him].

[F]ew and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word of sorrow
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,

And we bitterly thought of the morrow;

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow;
That the Foe & the Stranger would tread o'er his head

And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on—
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the note for retiring,
And we heard the distant & random gun
That the Foe was sullenly firing

Slowly & sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory
We car'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

The poet adds:

Pray write soon—You may direct as usual
to College [Trinity College, Dublin] & it
will follow me to the Country
Give my love to Armstrong, & Believe me
My Dear John
Ever Yours

Charles Wolfe.

The letter is not dated, but is postmarked Sept. 6, 1816.

According to the "Remains," the poem was first printed "without the concurrence or knowledge of the author." The editor adds:

It was recited by a friend in presence of a gentleman travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately after [in 1817], it appeared in the *Newry Telegraph*, with the initials of the author's name. From thence it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared, with some considerable errors, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which contained the narrative that first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject.

The biographer seems not to have known (and I do not remember to have seen any reference to the fact, which I accidentally discovered in preparing for this present writing) that the poem was printed in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* (June, 1817, p. 277), with "some considerable errors," like "Nor in sheet nor"; "the face of the dead"; "toll'd the hour"; "suddenly firing"; and the omission of "and" in the last line but one. The initials of the author are omitted (as probably in the newspaper reprints from the *Newry Telegraph*), and the editor appends the following footnote:

This little poem first appeared in some of the newspapers a few days ago. It is too beautiful not to deserve preservation in a safer repository; and we have, accordingly, inserted it among our original poems. —[ED.]

In the "Remains" (1825), the only variation from the text of the letter to John Taylor is "hour" for "note"; and the only other change made by the poet appears to have been "Of the enemy" for "That the foe was," where the archdeacon, as we have seen, preferred to retain the original reading. These two authorities—the letter and the book—are the only trustworthy ones for the text as the poet left it at the time of his death, in February, 1823. The corruptions began, as those in *Blackwood* prove, as soon as the poem was printed (probably in the *Newry Telegraph*, where

the author saw no "proof" of it), and have continued and multiplied ever since. I have examined many texts, English and American, but have found none that are absolutely correct.

Ward's "English Poets" (Vol. IV, p. 323) is one of the most accurate, but it retains "That the foe was," and in the third stanza has "nor" for "or" in the second line. In Linton and Stoddard's "Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century" (New York, 1883), where the reading (p. 102) is "suddenly," a note says: "Sullenly is generally misprinted for suddenly. Wolfe's manuscript has suddenly." The corruptions in *Blackwood* have all been copied in many reprints. Others are "confined" for "enclosed"; the insertion of commas before and after "like a warrior," marring both rhythm and sentiment; "ram-parts" for "rampart"; "And we knew by (or 'heard by') the distant and random gun that the foe," etc.; "told the hour"; etc.

The "Remains" contained twelve other poems by Wolfe (with two schoolboy efforts in blank verse), but none of them were printed during his life. The volume also contains a few prose sketches and fifteen sermons, none of which, as the editor remarks, "were designed by their author for publication," all being, "with a single exception, composed for a plain but intelligent congregation." They are markedly simple in style, with not a single poetical quotation, or any other rhetorical embellishment.

A long and eulogistic review of the book appeared in *Blackwood*, for March, 1826 (Vol. XIX, p. 323), both verse and prose receiving far more praise than they deserved. For instance, the song, "Go, forget me," which became popular when set to music, is declared to be "exceedingly beautiful—not only in thought and feeling, but in expression—and is sufficient to prove that he [Wolfe] had the deep and fine sensibility of the poet. The pathos is pure and tender as the moonlight." The first stanza, which is decidedly the best of the three, reads thus:

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee;
Sing—though I shall never hear thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine
Lasting—as the gloom of mine!
Go, forget me, etc.

I remember hearing it sung by young friends some sixty or more years ago.

Strangely enough, the reviewer is doubtful whether Wolfe wrote the poem that made him famous. He asks:

How could Mr. Russell publish the celebrated lines on the death of Sir John Moore as the production of Mr. Wolfe without giving any proof whatever that they are so? . . . Medwin knew no more of the matter than any coal-porter on Dublin Quay.

Medwin, in his "Conversations of Byron," as quoted by Russell, had referred to Byron's reading the poem to Shelley and other friends, and calling it "little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth." After reading it, he "repeated the third stanza, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines, 'But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, etc.'" Shelley said that he should have taken the poem "for a rough sketch of Campbell's," but Byron replied: "No; Campbell would have claimed it if it had been his."

The review in *Blackwood*, it will be seen,

was written almost two years after the history of the poem had appeared in the London *Morning Chronicle*, and nine years after *Blackwood* had printed and praised it. It is amazing that the editor had not found out—or had forgotten—who wrote it. In the next number of the magazine (April, p. 489), he prints a letter from Rev. S. D. Sullivan, who says: "The poem was commenced one evening in my company, . . . and the first and last stanzas were actually composed in the same evening and recited by the author before he had committed them to paper"; and the other stanzas were completed soon afterward.

The poem which has immortalized both its author and his hero was at first ascribed to Byron, who regretfully disclaimed it, and was reprinted again and again in England before it was traced to its real source. Meanwhile it was claimed by at least one impostor, who sent to *Blackwood* a poor "Address to Sleep," purporting to be written by the same unknown hand. It was also disparaged by sundry critics who asserted that it was little more than a paraphrase of the report of Moore's death and burial printed in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1808, although the battle at Corunna did not occur until the 19th of January, 1809. The poem, moreover, varies from the report printed, in due season, in the *Register*, in representing the burial as taking place "at dead of night," while it must have been towards day-break, as the "firing" which led to its being "hastened" for fear that it might be interrupted was "about eight in the morning." The full report is quoted in the "Remains."

It has been asserted again and again that the poem was a close translation of the French "Les Funérailles de Beaumaniour," which may be found in Father Prout's "Reliques" (Bohn's ed. p. 312), being one of his sportive renderings of many poems by Moore and others, in French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Latin. It professes to be a tribute to a certain Col. de Beaumaniour, killed in the defence of Pondicherry in 1640. Prout adds that "no translation is necessary, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe having reproduced it on the occasion of Sir John Moore's fall at Corunna under similar circumstances."

The fiction was not intended to deceive, but several writers have been entrapped by it, the latest repetition having been sent as "An Astonishing Discovery" to the *Critic* for July, 1906 (Vol. XLIX, p. 52). In the number for September (p. 195) the editors admit that they have been "hoaxed," but express the hope that it was not intentionally done. Certain alterations in Prout's story, however, suggest that it was carefully planned to deceive.

The "Remains" went through many editions abroad, the ninth of which (London, 1847) brings out the very interesting fact that the *Morning Chronicle* writer was "John Sidney Taylor," who must have been the "John Taylor" to whom Wolfe sent the letter given above.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., November 20.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 2, Prof. William MacDonald outlines briefly the development and the present status of the summer school. He calls attention to the preponderance of teachers among those who attend summer schools; to the pedagogical aspect of summer school curricula, noting particularly their ineffectiveness in "the spread of higher education"; and, in conclusion, appears to intimate that the ideal of the summer school should be to continue the same kind of educational work in operation during the regular session.

While I am in accord with much that Professor MacDonald says, there are a few points of dissent. My attitude towards summer schools is based on experience as a public school teacher who formerly attended summer sessions; as a teacher in summer schools myself; and as a professor for several years in one of the smaller colleges. This retrospect may account for our slightly different views.

The record of about fifteen years in several of our summer schools shows that these sessions have been continued because of the sustained attendance of teachers. The attendance of regular college students during the summer session has not grown, and indeed has not been sufficient to warrant maintaining the summer school. It appears, therefore, that the summer school is kept up for those who are professionally engaged in teaching; and the majority of these are teaching in the public schools. It must be conceded that the instruction given should be that desired, and in all probability needed, by those who attend. Consequently there is no occasion for concern over the fact that in summer sessions we do not continue the same nature of work that is given during the regular college year; to do so would subvert what experience shows is the chief function of the summer school.

Of my own classes, while on the staff for four sessions in the Cornell Summer School, and one session (1909) in that of the University of Virginia, teachers constituted at least 90 per cent. Nevertheless, I seldom noted any obtrusive pedagogical interest, certainly never at the expense of subject matter. Lessons assigned were prepared conscientiously; laboratory and field tasks were eagerly completed. I was usually satisfied with the progress made by these teacher-students, and rarely felt they had not accomplished at least as much as I should expect of regular college students. The number who had enjoyed an academic college training was very small. In mental alertness, however, the average woman who has taught several years in our public schools compares very favorably with the average senior in college. These teachers are deficient in training so far as set courses are concerned, but their experience has brought them intellectual results of the same nature, if not of the same degree, as we attribute to the regulation college course.

The zeal of these teachers in their summer studies is generally conceded. If there were as much sustained interest in our college classes during the year, the laboratory and lecture room would be a pleasanter recollection to students when, later, they are men in business. I believe that most

of us find summer teaching, foregoing the inconveniences of the season, less arduous than the work of the regular session, largely because the preponderance of teachers in our classes divides between the instructor and the student the question of enthusiasm, whereas during the regular session the professor generally has to supply it all.

It is possible that many men who give instruction in our summer schools, lose sight of what seems to me the important privilege of the colleges and universities that maintain summer sessions. The fact that every year several thousand teachers from both secondary and high schools place themselves under the instruction of the college or university professor gives the latter some opportunity to be of great service to these teachers and, therefore, to do a little, at least, towards making the schools below the college conform to his ideals.

I am glad to read a protest against "extension" work and the "listener." A summer school of the Chautauqua type is a menace; it affords slight recreation, and practically no education. Progress comes only through serious work; merely listening to lectures, and watching demonstrations, unless supplemented by thorough reading and study, is almost wasting one's time.

FRANK CARNEY.

Denison University, Granville, O., November 19.

RULES OF THE BODLEIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of the many American readers who have worked in the Bodleian Library, probably few have ever become familiar with the Staff-Kalendar, published by the Librarian annually for some years past, the 1909 edition of which has just come to my hand. This extraordinary little book, measuring only two and a half inches by four and a half, is a veritable revelation in what it shows—still more in what it implies—of the system that has grown up for centuries in connection with the administration of the venerable library whose name it bears. Who that has labored dreamingly among the ancient tomes in Duke Humphrey's room, occasionally pondering on the simplicity and quiet that reign there, in contrast with the noise and fussiness of the Bibliothèque Nationale, has realized that every man and boy employed in the library carries a printed book in which it is recorded that on February 1 the east end of "the H" is to be swept, that on February 8 the Bodley clocks are to be wound and set, and that on February 27 the Camera chimney and flues are to be cleaned? Or who that has received his books from the charming little boys that glide about the place has imagined that they are hedged about with an aggregation of rules seemingly utterly irrelevant to such gentle creatures?—as that "no bullying or assumption of authority will be tolerated," and that "boys must not run violently on stairs." Their regulations are also in part of a kindly paternal tone. Thus the Oxford climate has developed a paragraph admonishing that, "as boots often let in water unexpectedly, every boy is advised to keep at the library a dry pair of boots and a dry pair of socks." Boys are also warned against reading in a bad light—as though any other kind could be found

during a good part of the Oxford winter! "It is no answer to say that they can see perfectly, because the more short-sighted they were becoming the better they *would* see in a bad light."

This bit of refutation brings out the fact that, whatever objection or exception or occasion you may postulate, you will find that the Staff-Kalendar has foreseen the contingency. Here is a note suggestive of many troublesome letters, following an elaborate account of the fire-alarm system: "Other libraries desiring information as to the details of this system are begged *not* to write to the Librarian, but to the Expansion Sprinkler Syndicate," etc. Yet a moment later, in a mollified mood, the Librarian adds that he "might, however, be willing to answer inquiries as to whether the system had or had not given satisfaction." The fire-alarm question runs through all the Kalendar, and one derives the impression that a kind of hysteria, or pyrophobia, pervades the place. Undergraduate demonstrations are clearly one of the chief causes of alarm—perhaps on other grounds also; at any rate, the staff is warned on every day from May 21 to June 2 that "eights celebrations [are] to be watched for." Street bonfires are a matter of special concern, and if they are not extinguished, on request, by the policeman on duty ("which *has* happened"), appeal is at once to be taken to higher powers. Most impressive, however, in this connection, are the warnings against carrying any kind of light, or striking any match, in the Bodleian building; these go back to a Latin statute of 1610, and have been sanctified further by various interpretations and enforcements. "In 1901 a newly admitted foreign reader lighted a cigarette in going down the Bodleian stairs, and his admission was cancelled." But later something still more tragic occurred. "In 1903 a graduate of forty-five years' standing struck a light on the same staircase, to examine a picture by, and was informed that he must never again enter the building: *the picture itself was removed.*" This last clause, whose italics are ours, certainly gives a fitting final touch to the solemnity of the subject. Talk of hanging animals for crime! That was child's play compared with punishing a picture, by forbidding it to hang, for inciting a venerable man to misconduct.

Enough of details. One thing is certain: "who touches this book touches a man." Not only the reverend past of Bodley's Library, but the arresting personality of Bodley's present librarian, make the Kalendar far more than the merely utilitarian production it professes to be.

LECTOR.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 15.

THE READING OF VERSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Gummere's plea in the *Nation* of November 11 for the reading of verse as verse is just and timely. Not only the professional readers and actors in vogue, as well as the delicate-handed dilettanti of our most esoteric circles, but too many of our most advanced young gentlemen profess and practise the pernicious heresy of reading verse as prose, sternly denying time-values to poetic lines, and

resolutely submerging the emotional and the æsthetic elements of measured speech in the logical and analytical elements.

Whence comes this tendency? Is it an outgrowth of the attempt of Whitman and those who came after him to loosen the shackles of regular rhythm? Does it result from the disintegration of modern blank verse and its resolution into a bastard prose? Or is it simply due to the subjection of our generation to the pervasive influence of the scientific habit of mind and all its implications?

Our contemporary poets—those of the widest influence, at any rate—are not chargeable with it, nor do they countenance it. Rather, are not the new and pronounced rhythms of the schools of Kipling and of Swinburne protests against this tendency and landmarks in a new reaction against over-refinement and emasculation of rhythm and the levelling of verse into prose? Even the tyro or the iconoclast can hardly render such movements of speech as. Thus saith the Lord in the vault above the cherubim,

Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree—
otherwise than with the rolling rhythm of chant or pœan.

The sensuous effect of flowing measures, the glamour of verse and its spell, are still the things sought for. Herrick's "holy incantation of this verse" is still felt to-day as the test and touchstone of poetry. Are our neoterics in their turn trying to start a reaction against even the newest school of poetry?

I fear that much of the blame rests with those who profess to teach literature from the chairs of learning. How many of our college teachers can sincerely testify that they themselves have never subscribed to this heresy, in practice if not in theory?

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

University of Chicago, November 12.

Literature.

H. M. STANLEY.

The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley, G.C.B. Edited by his wife, Dorothy Stanley. With sixteen photographs and a map. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5 net.

Stanley's story of his early life is not only profoundly interesting, but is full of stimulating thoughts and experiences, especially for young men. For it is the story of one who, "without a parent, relation, or friend on earth to turn to," began his life in a workhouse and ended it in Westminster Abbey. The name, *Bula Matari*, "Breaker of Rocks," given him by the natives who saw him with drill and hammer helping to hew a road around the rapids of the Congo, and engraven on his tomb, fitly characterize a man who from his youth victoriously battled with the hardest that earth could afford. To those who know him only as the African explorer the story of his early career will be full of surprises. John Rowlands by name, his father having died in his infancy and

his mother having cast him off, he was brought up in a Welsh workhouse. Here he stayed till he was fifteen, when, on account of inhuman treatment, he escaped from the "house of torture" and shipped as cabin-boy on a vessel bound from Liverpool to New Orleans. It was in those days the custom of many ship-masters to be so cruel to their boys that they would desert on reaching port, and so forfeit their wages. This was the case with our hero, and his next years were spent in the South in shops, on plantations, and on a flatboat. On the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the Sixth Arkansas Regiment. At the Battle of Shiloh he was taken prisoner and carried to Chicago. Here his sufferings in the prison at Camp Douglas were so great that, to secure his release, he enlisted in the Union army, his sympathies also now being entirely with the North. Being discharged on account of having "prison-disease," he joined the navy as "ship's writer." In this capacity he took part in the capture of Fort Fisher, a graphic account of which he sent to the newspapers, and so began his career as a correspondent. The real autobiography ends with his discharge from the army on June 22, 1862, when, without a penny in his pocket, he worked his way from Harper's Ferry to Baltimore.

As the record was written nearly at the close of Stanley's active life, it is not impossible that the boyish thoughts and aspirations here portrayed may be to some extent the product of his maturer years. But of their general accuracy and truthfulness one may be assured by the success of his later life. This success was won, it is evident, by his determination to do his duty, to make the best of everything, and not to give way to discouragement. "I exclude all words like 'fail,' 'can't,' from my vocabulary," he writes at a depressing period. "I have nothing to fall back upon but energy, and much hopefulness," is another inspiring thought; as is also, "I mean by attention to my business, by self-denial, by indefatigable energy, to become, by this very business, my own master, and that of others." Another striking characteristic, which is but little emphasized in his published works, is the religious strain running through the whole of his life. While in the workhouse a conviction came which never left him, that, though without an earthly father, "he had a Father in Heaven." When he landed in New Orleans the book in his pocket was a Bible given him in the workhouse for "general good conduct," and the first man whom he asked for employment, seeing it, became interested in him and finally adopted him, giving him his name. This Bible, it may be added, was the one book which he took with him when he went in search of Livingstone.

The personality of the Stanley, who, as special correspondent, accompanied the British Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions and our Gen. Hancock's campaign against the Comanches, who sought for Livingstone in the wilds of Africa and founded the Congo State, the "traveller in five continents" and the member of Parliament, is revealed by extracts from his journals, note-books, and private letters. Lady Stanley links together the different parts with many interesting and reminiscent passages, her predominant aim being to show "something of the working of his own mind and heart." So he thinks aloud, as it were, on almost every page. Very little material is taken from his published writings, ten in number, and much new light is thrown upon the varied experiences in this, the most important part of his life. Among other things, he says that Livingstone's "return to home and kindred—though he found his energies waning, age creeping on him, and fettering him in its strong bonds—was prevented by an overscrupulous fidelity to a promise that he had made to his friend, Sir R. Murchison, that he would set the matter of that watershed north of the Tanganyika at rest." An ardent affection for the self-sacrificing missionary was kindled in his breast during the four months they were together, and when the parting hour came, "I was as a sensitive child of eight or so, and yielded to such bursts of tears that only such a scene as this could have forced." The inspiration of Livingstone's example had much to do with the founding of the Congo State. For, in this, Stanley's main purpose and passion was the "betterment of mankind; . . . to pour the civilization of Europe into the barbarism of Africa." Apparently, he did all in his power to induce his countrymen to undertake this noble task, "but the government and the people of England turned a deaf ear" to his pleas. An interview with Mr. Gladstone in 1890, shows how little was the interest of the ex-Premier in Africa's crying needs. This was not the case with Queen Victoria, who sent for him on his return from his Livingstone expedition:

The conversation, which was principally about Livingstone and Africa, though it did not last more than ten minutes, gave me abundant matter to think about, from having had such good opportunities to look into her eyes, and absorb as it were my impressions, such as they were. What I admired most was the sense of power the eyes revealed, and a quiet, but unmistakable, kindly condescension; and an inimitable calmness and self-possession. I was glad to have seen her, not only for the honor, and all that, but also, I think, because I have carried something away to muse over at leisure. I am richer in the understanding of power and dominion, sitting enthroned on human features.

The closing years of this adventurous life were spent in travelling, giving lec-

tures, and in Parliament. His travels extended to Australia and South Africa, where, in 1897, he went in Pretoria to the house of President Krüger, of whom he gives one of the most graphic descriptions we remember to have read:

You have seen lots of stout-bodied old Parisian concierges; and I dare say you have seen them in their seedy black clothes, when going out on a visit; put a little top-hat on one of them, give him stooping shoulders, with a heavy, lumbering, biggish body, and you will know Krüger at once! Well! let him sit vis-à-vis to you; put much obstinacy into a face that is unusually large, with an inch of forehead and two small eyes; let the figure sink in his chair, with an attitude of determination in every line, and give him a big briarwood pipe, which is held in his left hand, and there you have him.

Taking the autobiography as a whole, it is a work of remarkable interest and value, not so much on account of the information which it gives, as for the spirit with which Stanley approached the hard life-problems he had to solve. Should it reach a second edition, we would recommend that two episodes of his boyhood in this country be omitted, on account of their suggestiveness to the youthful reader. Ten of the sixteen illustrations are portraits showing him at different ages from 15 to 54, and on a map of tropical Africa are traced the routes of his three great expeditions.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Southerner: A Novel. Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The novel is hard to define, and this book may be one. We incline, however, to think it rather less than a novel, correctly defined, and we are quite sure that it is also a good deal more. To constitute it a novel, there are some more or less fictitious characters, a thin thread of a plot to hold it together, and an intermittent love-story. But it is also biography, since decidedly more than suggestions of many of the characters were got from real persons—some of them still living. It is likewise autobiography, and at times unusually frank autobiography at that, although, on the other hand, even in this department, the admixture of fiction is large. It is history—with a like qualification. It is a study in politics and sociology. And it is a pretty lively, though a trifle belated, tract for the times.

So far as it is fiction, its quality may be indicated by placing it about midway between Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Red Rock" and the lurid stories of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr. But it differs from both quite otherwise and more fundamentally than by coming in between. Mr. Page is a very pleasing and well-bred, Mr. Dixon a very coarse and violent, defender of the South's past and

present, of its traditions, and ways and point of view. The writer of this book is a critic and a would-be reformer and transformer. The feeling for the South which his work reveals is strong—possibly as strong as theirs—but the point of view and the animus are utterly different.

The animus, as well as the method—in so far as so nondescript a work can be said to have a method—is, we think, decidedly open to criticism. There is too much of the spirit of the combatant, and something, we fear, of the bitterness of unpicturesque repulses. That is what makes the putting of real people into the story so plainly questionable, particularly since the fictional form permits a disregard for such requirements of accuracy as an out-and-out biographer or historian would have to meet. This, taken with the anonymity of the work, may provoke enough resentment, and give a sufficient opening for violent retorts, to defeat whatever purpose of constructive criticism it has. It is not for common mortals to assume Dante's privilege with his enemies, whether living or dead.

Nevertheless, it is the animus, the steady and strong and at times passionate rebellion against what may be called the forces of delay in the South, against whatever and whoever may be holding it back and keeping it apart, that gives to the book its force. We should say that much of the true spirit of reform and progress, although mixed with other and less worthy heats, and although too little alleviated by reverence and appreciation, is here to be found. The principal character, a young Southerner, with a Northern education, sees much that is false and insincere in Southern civilization and manners, much that is anachronistic in Southern life, and is gradually drawn into a protagonism of common sense, candor, and progress. He comes to deplore and to hate and to fight cant and ultra-conservatism in religion, Bourbonism in politics, archaic aims and methods in education, and false sentimentalism in everything; and winds up his career by getting elected State superintendent of education on a fusion ticket—and then being counted out. His staunchest ally is "Professor Billy," of the State University, who, by persistency, shrewdness, good nature, and a gift for story-telling of the cross-roads variety, does succeed in reforming education at the bottom, and dies president of an industrial school for girls. A young woman with the old Southern sentimentality, busy about Confederate memorials, falls away from the hero to an Episcopal clergyman; a woman with his own vision and ideals takes her place. A Confederate colonel, with stilted eloquence, but a shrewd eye to the political value of hero-worship and negrophobia, is his arch-antagonist. The Republican machine,

made up mainly of postmasters, plays its part—a good deal to the life. A Yankee college-mate makes some investments. A quiet younger brother takes up the industrial problem without leaving the old home, and solves it. Negroes come into the action. Hardly a type is neglected.

The best pages are those given over to vigorous talk about "the problem," and, perhaps, the best of these is that which declares it to be no problem at all, but a condition, capable of indefinite improvement, but not, in the nature of things, capable of any "solution" at all. Here are words in which few Southerners—and not so many Northerners as a few years ago—would concur:

I care nothing for the negro merely because he is a negro. I care for him because he is a man—or a child. I prefer to think of the people in the Southern States as a people—white and black alike—living under certain conditions, which can be made very fortunate and prosperous conditions, rather than about any particular class or race of them. . . . In any proper scheme of education, there are no white men, no black men—only men.

On the contrary, the feeling that, however both the races may be changed by training and education, there are fundamental differences between them which can probably never be eradicated, and that they can never live together as if they were all of the same race, is probably quite as strong in the South to-day as it ever was, and in the North stronger than it has been since the civil war. This is, we think, but one of several instances in the book of a failure to sense correctly some of the problems with which it essays to deal. Its appeal is, of course, to public opinion, and the author evidently shares the inability of most radical reformers to see clearly the nature and workings of that mysterious force. In dealing with it, not one in a million seems to have Lincoln's gift. The book would doubtless do more good than harm in the South if it should be widely and candidly read there. It is much more likely, however, to get a wide reading, and a rather too serious acceptance, in the North.

While no real person is put bodily into the story, and no career quite as it happened, the real persons who suggested—and more than suggested—certain of the principal characters may be named with a good deal of confidence. The State is North Carolina. For "Professor Billy" one may read Prof. Charles D. McIver; for Col. Graham, of Graham's School, Col. Robert Bingham, of Bingham's School; for Senator Barker, Senator Matt. W. Ransom; for Col. Stringweather, Gen. W. R. Cox, with admixtures, perhaps, from Col. Spier Whitaker—two chairmen of the State Democratic Committee; for Capt. Bob Logan, Col. J. C. L. Harris; for Mr. Birdcastle, Mr. Birdsong, once State li-

brarian; for the *Globe*, the *Raleigh Chronicle*; for the *White Man*, the *Raleigh News and Observer*; for the *Cotton Boll*, the *Progressive Farmer*; for "Brother Charles," Mr. Henry A. Page; for Nicholas Worth, hero and author, Mr. Walter H. Page. The list of recognitions and partial recognitions could be lengthened.

Old Rose and Silver. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The harmless necessary novel blooms again, and the voice of Myrtle Reed is heard in the land. Old heads nod happily over the old rose-leaf chapters; young muscles stretch and gladden at acrobatic episodes; the world that loves a lover turns the pages contentedly, knowing that all really true love runs at last smooth in the land of Myrtle Reed. The disciples of the Woman's Column feast on visions of old gold satin, deep green velvet, clinging chiffon, spangled net, and gems to match: all the costuming being done with nice regard to the soul, as well as to the eyes and complexion. For music lovers, a yearning melody is braided, motive-wise, into the story, and as often set down in real musical notation, arranged for two hands on the piano, name and address furnished in a note. For epigram-searchers, there is good hunting:

Men keep best in a cool, dry atmosphere. Wisdom consists largely in a graceful acceptance of things that do not immediately concern us,—

a priceless saying!

So are many fed. But those who ask for the untidy or the unwholesome, find the cupboard bare.

A Castle of Dreams. By Netta Syrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Stories of a pretty romantic flavor, having to do with young, innocent, and modest girls who chance also to be titled heiresses, are never a drug in the market. It is always interesting to see by what specific path they are to be brought to the desired haven of matrimony. Adventurers are to be avoided, calf-love is to be shunted aside with sisterly affection, the plottings of adored but mercenary parents are to be set agley, the rivalry of naughty ladies is to be triumphed over: no end of untowardnesses may threaten—in vain. The conventions of this type of fiction may as well be accepted as the conventions of polite comedy. They afford a perfectly trustworthy and irreproachable form of entertainment for people who do not care to let their literature worry them. The Lady Bridgit O'Shaughnessy of this tale (it is to be noted that a cook or a saint spells her name "Bridget," but a heroine "Brigit" or "Bridgit") conducts herself efficiently in the part assigned. She almost does more than that—almost proves herself

not a mere romantic heroine, but a delightful creature of flesh and blood. But something too much is required of her: she is a bit too clever, too efficient to be credible. A girl whose aristocratic blood empowers her (at the age of twenty-two) to shift in a half-hour from a colleen in short skirt and bare legs to a lady of fashion and form, a self-possessed and dominant hostess, is hardly of this world. She must be as the child Bridgit has fancied herself: a fairy-lady. She must in that character have been to London and seen the great Queen to some purpose, to have acquired this conquering way. However, she has it, and it suffices to bring her safe through a difficult situation without a tremor. What that situation is, with what special perils it is hedged about, by precisely what means the girl's force and cleverness serve her in the event, far be it from the commentator to specify. There you have the single fair excuse for the whole performance—unless it be in the quiet figure of "Standish," the one real and stable figure in this world of polite and presentable ghosts.

Lost Borders. By Mary Austin. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is difficult to believe that this collection of short stories is the work of a woman, so manly is its general tone. It is a tribute to our own Western desert that will rejoice those who have felt the magic of that place of sand and thorns, which to its lovers has no whit less of awful majesty than much-worded Sahara. The stories tell of primitive human experiences with an impressive simplicity—episodes of life lived in the face of the great waste, where so many of the apparent essentials, as civilization sees them, die out like the vegetation of the tilled fields, leaving only those hardy growths that are one with the soil. It is a wholesome book for city-dwellers in its largeness of understanding, the essence of which is finely embodied in the dedication with its Kipling-like swing. Reading, we cannot but feel for the moment "the wind that wakes the morning on a thousand miles of sage."

TWO STUDIES IN LITERARY TYPES.

The Short Story in English. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.60 net.

The Autobiography. By Anna Robeson Burr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2 net.

During the last ten years, all sorts of geniuses, critics, and professors have been discussing with marked animation the type, technique, and development of the short story. It was, therefore, inevitable in the heyday of literary history that some one should write the

history of this ubiquitous parvenu. Let it be said at the outset that Professor Canby has performed with much tact and adroitness a pretty difficult task.

If the book was written to remove the curse of popularity from the study of the short story, it should be successful. It clothes the subject with a severity which will surprise the uninitiated. In his vivacious preface, Professor Canby admits that he runs the risk of "aggravating" the critic by overmuch of theory, interpretation, and technical discussion. The difficulty does not really lie there. It lies partly in the lack of illustrative material in the periods where it is most needed. It lies partly in the extreme condensation in other periods—the entire eighteenth century is disposed of in thirty pages. But it lies chiefly in a unified treatment of things fundamentally diverse. The short story is a singularly unsatisfactory type for the evolutionist. The Anglo-Saxon "Judith"—not mentioned in this treatise—is, by virtue of its brevity, poignancy, and singleness of effect, nearer to the "Cask of Amontillado" than almost any of the short stories of the sixteenth century. Again, short story telling retrogresses steadily from Chaucer to the nineteenth century. Though Professor Canby does not attempt to establish a continuous and orderly evolution, it is fairly obvious that he does approach all his material and measure its permanent importance with the purely literary standards established in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The constant forward reference, explicit or implicit, in his criticism of the early English, mediæval, and Elizabethan periods unifies the intention of his history, but subtracts from its interest. To write, with one eye fixed on Poe, of such a Protean and wholly indefinable type as "the short narrative in English," to write of all sorts of religious, moral, and sociological tracts—the *exempla* of the Anglo-Saxon homilists, the coney-catching pamphlets of Greene, the euphuistic conversations of Lyly, the "Oroonoko" of Mrs. Behn, the character sketches of Addison and Johnson—to write of all these things which never had the faintest intention of being short stories, with one eye fixed on the master of short stories, is to be rather dry and unedifying. The catholic historian of all types of short story in every period of English needs to forget Poe, and exercise the historical imagination. Professor Canby's historical sympathy and imagination are at times distinctly defective. Speaking of Alfred's apology for the heathen myths in Boethius, he says: "A hateful spirit this is, and the abomination of priggishness in the eyes of Chaucer." The remark does not indicate the most favorable temper in which to approach and interpret the narratives of a religious age.

Of its own well-defined kind or *genre*

Professor Canby's book is a very good specimen—well-informed, critical, compact, severe, instructive. And yet when we read such an entirely unamusing account of the most purely amusing of literary forms, we cannot help recalling Goldsmith's observations made some time ago "Of Learning in Great Britain":

To acquire a character for learning among the English at present, it is necessary to know much more than is either important or useful. It seems the spirit of the times for men here to exhaust their natural sagacity in exploring the intricacies of another man's thought; . . . others have carried on learning from that stage where the good sense of our ancestors have thought it too minute or too speculative to instruct or amuse. By the industry of such, the sciences, which in themselves are easy of access, affright the learner with the severity of their appearance. He sees them surrounded with speculation and subtlety, placed there by their professors, as if with a view of deterring his approach. Hence it happens, that the generality of readers fly from the scholar to the compiler, who offers them a more safe and speedy conveyance.

It is hardly just to compare Mrs. Burr's "The Autobiography" with Professor Canby's study in the short story, and yet the juxtaposition of the two books is suggestive—the defects of the two are opposite, their virtues are complementary. If "The Short Story in English"—to borrow Jonson's comment on the verses of Drummond—"smelled too much of the Schooles," the defects of "The Autobiography" arise largely from the boldness of the undisciplined student. The latter work is not, strictly speaking, a contribution to the history of literary types. It originated in a passion for knowing personalities through their own records, and in a desire to kindle a similar passion in other readers. As the circle of acquaintances widened, however, the author found certain laws of autobiographical writing revealing themselves under her eyes, and she began to suspect that her data had a genuine value for psychologists as well as for the layman. She accordingly made a number of investigations of which the results suggested the division of the book into chapters on such subjects as The Autobiographical Intention, History, The Three Great Archetypes, The Autobiographical Group, The Nervous Systems of the Past, Memory, Humour, etc.—and the list might have been extended almost indefinitely!

The field of the exploration is delightfully wide, ranging from Marcus Aurelius through most civilized countries—with special emphasis upon the material of France—to writers as recent as Edmund Gosse. Indeed, Mrs. Burr is so bold as to declare, "the reader may be sure that the omission of a work simply means that it contains no definite matter worth noting in the following

pages." When we turn to the list of two or three hundred "capital autobiographies" and find Charlotte Charke and Sir Egerton Brydges present, and Montaigne, Thomas Browne and Amiel absent, we question whether the statement was carefully weighed. The absolute ignoring of Montaigne is quite incomprehensible. In her chapter on "The Three Great Archetypes" the author says, "Augustin, Cardan, and later Rousseau and Mill—these are the autobiographers who have influenced others, and these are the great self-students." A little later she asserts that Cardan's "Book of His Own Life" was "as much read and as much imitated as the 'Confessions' of Rousseau. Until we have seen some shadow of evidence to the contrary, we shall continue to believe that Montaigne was incomparably the greatest and most influential 'self-student' before Rousseau, and also that the influence of Mill's 'Autobiography' is not to be mentioned in the same day with the influence of Rousseau's 'Confessions.'"

A reckless audacity of statement is the prime defect of the book. Christianity brought the subjective influence into literature: The "Meditations" of Antoninus were written after the birth of Christianity; therefore, the subjectivity of the "Meditations" was due to Christianity. Here is a specimen law of autobiographical production: "*The subjective autobiography groups itself about the great intellectual movements and changes of the world, and lessens or disappears in times of material change.*" Mrs. Burr does not give the dates of publication, but the birth and death dates of her authors; and whatever element of truth there may be in this law is not supported by her extremely vague and jaunty references to history. The "intellectual uprising," she declares, "produces Rousseau and his group; when action followed, the self-study disappeared." We should be inclined to state the matter thus: "Rousseau and his group produce the intellectual uprising; when they were dead, they ceased from self-study." A touch of the modern scientific condescension appears in her comment on "Richard" Burton. (There seems to be some confusion here with a modern bearer of the name; she always refers to him as "Richard.") Having spoken of two recent views of the nature of religious phenomena, she remarks:

To the second, Richard Burton, in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," has unconsciously added the weight of his erudition, for the section on religious melancholy is packed, though all unwittingly, with examples to maintain the neuropathical opinion.

We suspect that Mrs. Burr has rather avoided the acquaintance of Burton in behalf of her favorite Alfieri. We suspect that if poor old "Richard" could rise from his grave, modern psycholo-

gists would not find him quite so "unconscious" or so "unwitting" as she would have it appear.

In spite of its defects, however, the book is remarkably entertaining. There is not a particle of doubt that Goldsmith would have preferred it to Professor Canby's "Short Story in English." It really accomplishes its most valuable purpose; it makes one desire to possess the entire list of "capital autobiographies"—and two or three besides. It almost makes one wish that Professor Canby and Mrs. Burr could collaborate in writing literary history.

Studies in Mystical Religion. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.50 net.

There are special difficulties in writing the history of Christian mysticism, or even in treating certain selected phases of it, as Professor Jones is careful to state was the intention of this work. The very question of selection, for instance, is a vital one, for it is decisive of the purpose of the work as a whole. It happens sometimes that the teaching of certain mystics is more influential than their personality; on the other hand, as in the case of St. Bernard, the man himself is much greater and more important than any part of the theological system he held. In the present volume there is no evidence of systematic choice. While much of it is well written, and while some chapters, notably the one on Dionysius, show originality, the result of a vigorous and independent study of a hard and wearisome author, there is not enough analytical power applied either to the theory or the different phenomena of mysticism. The plan of the work, too, is somewhat spoiled by the fact that it was prepared as the introduction to a history of English Quakerism. Some of the concluding chapters, though extremely interesting in themselves for the light they throw upon the obscurer developments of English religion during the periods of the civil wars and Commonwealth, are appropriately introduced to illustrate the environment in which Quakerism emerged, but are disproportionately long in a general appreciation of mysticism.

If Professor Jones had pursued his work with some definite object in view, he might well have confined his attention to the mysticism of unorthodoxy, to the influence of mystical tenets on the parties which opposed the Church during the mediæval period from the Paulicians to the Waldensians and Lollards. But his studies present a conglomeration of orthodox and unorthodox mysticism without any special attempt to discriminate or explain why certain mystics felt thoroughly at home in the communion of the Catholic Church, while others stubbornly resist-

ed its authority. Viewed solely from the theoretical point of view, the mystical principles of the heretic and orthodox churchman might be closely allied, yet the orthodox mystic, as in the case of Thomas à Kempis, could speculate undisturbed while the heretic would be confined to the dungeon of the inquisition and subsequently burned. What possible place for a church organization of any kind would there be if Christians followed the standard of the "Imitatio"? Any ecclesiastical regimen must to mystics seem secondary; if treated seriously, their views are nothing more than religious anarchy. Why, therefore, was the Waldensian damned and the "Imitatio" given to the faithful as a standard devotional manual? On these doubtful and far-reaching problems which have both a place in the progress of human thought and can be seen to be of predominant importance in the study of society, little help can be got from this volume. Yet in a collection of essays these structural defects are not so serious as they would be in a systematic treatise, and there can be no question that Mr. Jones's sympathetic appreciation of mystical types of thought and his ability to present them succinctly and in popular form are certain to secure for his book the attention and recognition of many readers. They will find in him a stimulating guide, even when he fails to satisfy their deeper questionings.

Wisconsin Historical Commission: Original Papers. No. 1, A View of the Vicksburg Campaign, by William F. Vilas, Lieut.-Col. of Twenty-third Wisconsin Volunteers. No. 2, Capture and Escape, A Narrative of Army and Prison Life, by John Azor Kellogg, Colonel of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry and Brevet-Brigadier-General.

These handsome books introduce what will probably be a long series relating to the part played by Wisconsin in the civil war. They are well printed, but now and then the editing is careless. An officer of the distinction of Joseph E. Johnston ought not to appear as "Johnston"; and still worse is describing Gouverneur K. Warren as "George G." It is a good plan, no doubt, to fortify the series with a well-known name, but we think Mr. Vilas's paper is no very valuable contribution to history. It is a rather heavy account of the Vicksburg campaign, containing no new facts or judgments. There are serious omissions. Grierson's raid, an important incident of the campaign, tending as it did to confuse the Confederate leaders, is not mentioned, and a line or two only are given to the embarrassments caused by McClelland, the commander of the Thirteenth Corps. The campaign in general has often been more vividly and accu-

rately described, and there is an utter absence of the personal touch which a participant in so marvellous a drama might easily have imparted.

Of much greater value is the companion narrative of Col. Kellogg, who, as a captain, was captured on the skirmish-line in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, undergoing imprisonment from which he finally escaped six months later. He traversed Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia at a time when exasperation was at its height: he endured the jail and the prison pen at their worst, barely got off alive while tunnelling to escape, leaped for liberty from a train at full speed only to be hunted down by bloodhounds, was incarcerated under Federal fire in Charleston, but at last through the aid of friendly negroes and mountain Unionists made his way to Sherman's lines just before the opening of the March to the Sea.

It is indeed a harrowing recital, and the heart of the reader bounds when at last after famine and nakedness the stout captain grasps once more the hands of comrades. But, turning to Rhodes, what shall we say of a declaration like the following, in the light of such a story?—Summing up his account of the treatment of prisoners of war, he remarks: "All things considered, statistics show no reason why the North should reproach the South." (Vol. V, p. 508.) Rhodes is an historian always thorough, and his investigation here has been especially painstaking. The strait in which the South was placed could scarcely have been more severe. The constant and vigilant patrol of gunboats on the Mississippi cut off all help from the West, the blockade made impossible relief from the East. Grant and Sherman, each with a hundred thousand men and more, were at Richmond and Atlanta, the Eastern and Western citadels. Every effective man was needed at the front; food and clothes, in vast supply must be provided. Though the slaves still caused the land to produce, the Federals had so far devastated even the interior that transportation was scarcely possible. While thus at disadvantage many thousands of their enemies fell into their hands to be cared for. The Richmond government, says Rhodes, did not intend inhumanity. The rations of prisoners were the same as those issued to soldiers; there was no thought of deliberate starvation or torture. But the captures came overwhelmingly. To guard the multitude a force was detailed, the minimum as regards number, the poorest as regards efficiency. It becomes explicable, such being the circumstances, why there should have been "a dead-line," why the prisoners should not have been furnished with tools to provide shelter for themselves; axes and saws in the hands of men desperately bent on escape would become formidable weapons. As to food

it is confidently asserted to this day that at Andersonville, the ration of prisoner and guard remained always the same; but if not, naturally the armies would be first served, and, impaired as the transportation was, the prisoners might easily fall short.

Meantime, there prevailed a like congestion at the North, a corresponding crowd of Southern captives languishing at Fort Delaware, Elmira, and Johnson's Island. It may well be asked why could there not be an exchange? The answer is because Grant refused; he believed that whereas the Northern forces, after such an exchange, would be only feebly recruited, "the release of all the rebel prisoners in the North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here." So he wrote August 18, 1864, at City Point (War Records, serial number 120, page 607), persisting in a refusal to exchange which dated from the preceding April. "It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them," said Grant, "but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles." By this stern insistence, setting at naught his own gentler nature, the piteous and universal clamor of Northern hearts, and the tears of a multitude of captives, he very possibly saved his cause. Here, at any rate, we find the highest proof he ever gave of his strength of character and the singleness of his devotion to his country.

Painful though Col. Kellogg's narrative may be, yet weighing duly the situation and the facts of human nature, it does not conflict with the conclusion of Rhodes, that the North has no reason to reproach the South for the treatment of its prisoners of war. Such horrors are an inevitable part of the thing we call war, as much so as the carnage of the battlefield. They always have occurred when the struggle becomes close and desperate; they will constantly recur until war shall be no more.

A Manual of Welsh Literature. By the Rev. J. C. Morrice, M.A. Bangor, England: Jarvis & Foster.

Mr. Morrice gives, in a book rather longer than the familiar primers of Jebb and Stopford Brooke, an outline of the literary history of Wales down to the end of the eighteenth century. While his work hardly bears comparison with those models of compact presentation of similar material, it is a useful introduction to the subject and a convenient handbook for reference. All the more important Welsh authors are passed in review, the significant facts of their lives noted, and their chief works named and characterized. Considerable space is given to quotations, which are frequently introduced to illustrate historical statements or expressions of critical judgment. In spite of a certain

monotony in the plan, the book never becomes a mere dull catalogue of authors, for Mr. Morrice selects his material with skill and comments upon it with interest. But as a result of his choice of a method so largely biographical, general historical considerations—the analysis of intellectual movements and influences, or the study of literary *genres*—are rather neglected or obscured.

On the whole, the treatment of the early periods is less satisfactory than of the modern, perhaps because in Old Welsh literature some of the most immediate and fundamental questions of chronology and authorship are still unsettled. In the case of the bards traditionally assigned to the sixth century, so much is matter of controversy that the problem of the author of a brief history is especially difficult. Mr. Morrice has tried to treat the subject with due care; but cautious as his statements are, even to the point of vagueness, they go rather beyond what conservative scholars will be disposed to concede as regards the authenticity of the poems in question. The discussion of the "Mabinogion" (pages 29 ff.) is also decidedly inadequate. The possibility of a Gaelic element in the oldest stories and the explanation of its presence, if so regarded, are not dealt with at all. And in the case of the latest group of tales—"Owain," "Geraint," and "Peredur"—the question of French influence is dismissed (page 31) with a few general remarks about Geoffrey of Monmouth and the proximity of Normans and Britons, and without a single reference to the parallel romances by Chrestien de Troyes. Furthermore, the explanation of the title "Mabinogion," as a term of contempt, meaning "tales for the young" (page 32), surely needs some defence in view of the abandonment of this interpretation by most scholars in recent years. While Mr. Morrice could not properly enter upon extended argument about controverted matters, he ought to have taken pains to indicate his departures from prevailing opinion, and to have stated some reasons for his views.

With regard to the book as a whole, two general observations may be added, though they apply rather to the present state of knowledge on the subject than to any special delinquency on the part of Mr. Morrice. No one can read the manual without being impressed by the quantity of important Welsh writings which are not yet accessible in print; and it is clear that before anything like an adequate history of the literature can be written, a great deal of work must be done in the way of editing texts. It is equally plain that little more than a beginning has been made in the study of the relations of Welsh literature to that of the rest of Europe. Mr. Morrice, to be sure, does not take account of all that has been accomplished in this di-

rection, and his book is hardly a measure of the results thus far obtained. But it is true, in general, that Welsh literature has been treated too much as a thing apart; and there is an inviting field here for the application of the much-talked-of comparative method.

Mexican Trails: a Record of Three Years in Mexico, 1904-1907. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Kirkham, already an author of experience in other fields, now gives a charming picture of Mexico. He does not attempt to instruct; the book is an impressionistic painting, full of the atmosphere and color of the real Mexico—the Mexico of the Indian trails. Not specializing in any one subject, he has looked at everything with seeing eyes: he is interested in the mining camps, the making of pottery and sugar, the flowers and insects; and he shows an intimate acquaintance with the birds which fly across his trail. Finally, in the scenery of mountain and desert, he finds continual delight, observing everything under the spell of Mexico's dramatic history.

Mr. Kirkham has traversed many miles of territory still untouched by modern civilization, and his pictures of Indian life are full of feeling and pathos, relieved by touches of humor. Among his many intimate descriptions of the native life, there is one of especial interest. It was only a chance encounter with a small Indian lad on the Atlacomulco Road, but Mr. Kirkham soon won the child's friendship, and it was not long before little five-year-old Juan, bent under a thirty-pound load of wood, was confiding to his new friend the all-important fact that he was on his way to market, two miles distant over a rough road, adding proudly that for his load of wood he hoped to earn three cents. To Mr. Kirkham this childish burden-bearer is representative of the unceasing patience and unrewarded toil of the race:

Little Juan has helped to wear these ruts in the high-road. They are eloquent of many Juans, toddling bravely in their diminutive *guarachas*; striding later after the burros laden with loaf sugar from the hacienda, or making the pilgrimage over the mountain, staff in hand; tottering feebly at last to the market to chat with old cronies and to beg something to eat. Juan will inscribe the story of his life on these stones. He will wear them down a little, but they, in turn, will wear out his life.

A short and truthful picture of the national fiesta is given on page 115:

The fiesta in Mexico is the legitimate offspring of the Aztec fair, and quite as much a matter of barter as religion. So now there be many who will sell a hen, later to bargain for a sombrero, presently to go upon their knees within the church yonder, candle in hand; lastly to lie by

the roadside, overfull of pulque and oblivious of this world or the next.

The narrative is refreshingly free from statistics and chapters on the financial resources of the country and the political situation. As an artist is said to catch the expression of his model, so Mr. Kirkham has succeeded in portraying the individuality, the elusive spirit of Mexico. The book is attractively illustrated with twenty-four full-page reproductions of photographs.

The French Revolution: A Short History. By R. M. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

Speaking of the work of the historians of to-day in the field of the French Revolution, Professor Johnston says that the "trend of modern effort is to straighten out the details, but to avoid the large issues; to establish beyond question the precise shade of the color of Robespierre's breeches, but to give up as unattainable having any opinion whatever on the French Revolution as a whole." Most students will consider this a cavalier characterization of the recent literature on the subject. Declaring that the "main outlines of the Revolution, the proportion and relation of things, tend to become obscured under the accumulation of historical detail that is now proceeding," he therefore attempts "to disentangle" from this mass of material "the shape, the movement, the significance of this great historical cataclysm," and to judge freely the importance of its incidents.

How has he succeeded in his task? He has written a brief and animated account of the history of France from 1789 to 1799. But that he has disentangled anything that cannot be found already disentangled in many other compendiums, is not apparent. He treats almost exclusively the personal and the episodic in the Revolution. The careers and fate of important individuals, the struggles of parties and factions, are traced with a fulness out of proportion to their real significance. The treatment of the causes and the results of the great movement is slight and apparently incidental to the more spectacular aspects of the story. Professor Johnston devotes more space to Beaumarchais than to the remarkable changes in the civil and criminal laws of France, more to the Revolutionary calendar than to the Constitution of 1791. The extraordinary popular movement, which, all over France, followed the storming of the Bastille and which practically destroyed the feudal system, is merely characterized as "a regular *Jacquerie*." As a consequence, the night of August 4, which was simply its culmination and ratification, has nothing like its proper setting and is greatly over-emphasized.

As the author approaches the end of his volume after long descriptions of the factional struggles and the Revolutionary days, he says:

Meanwhile unconsciously the great social revolution had become an established fact. In the short space of five years—but such years—social equality, freedom of opportunity, a new national attitude, a new national life had become ineradicable custom; the assemblies in their calmer moments had passed laws for educating and humanizing the French people.

If this great social revolution, which was, however, certainly not accomplished unconsciously, if this attainment of a new national life, the really important thing in the whole movement, had been described we should be content with shorter accounts of the Diamond Necklace, the flight to Varennes, and the quarrels of Hébert and Danton and Robespierre.

Frequently the precise information we desire seems about to be vouchsafed only to elude us. Thus on page 32 it is stated that the feudal taxes will be noticed later in connection with the session of August 4, but when we reach that point we find no description of them, but only a vivid account of an exciting meeting which decreed their abolition. It is the same in regard to the Constitution. On page 75 it is stated that it may be left for the present to be considered when it becomes operative. When that moment arrives, on page 125, less than four hundred words are given to it, fewer than are devoted to the conspiracy of Babœuf.

There are many evidences of carelessness in the construction of the book. It is stated on one page that the Assembly of Notables met in January, 1788, and on the next that it was dissolved on May 1, 1787. Neither date is correct. Nor did that assembly consist of one hundred and fifty members. The deputies did not declare themselves the National Assembly on June 14, but on June 17. The march of the women to Versailles is given on page 82 as occurring on October 5, on page 85 as occurring on October 6. The Constituent Assembly did not vote the exclusion of members from the ministry "at the end of November," 1789, but did vote it on November 7. The first session of the Convention was held on the day of Valmy, as apparently asserted on page 157, not on the day after as asserted on page 158. The 10th of Thermidor is wrongly given as the 29th of July, whereas four pages earlier the 8th of Thermidor is correctly given as the 26th. It is stated on page 229 that the Treaty of Basle was signed on April 5th, 1795, and on page 230 that it was followed by one with Holland, March 16th. Moreover, the Treaty of Basle certainly did not give the French Republic a free hand south of the Rhine. It is asserted on page 90 that "the greater part of French citizens" were exclud-

ed from the franchise under the Constitution of 1791. Aulard, on the other hand, estimates the number of active citizens at nearly 4,300,000 and of passive at about 3,000,000. The amount of *assignats* issued during the Revolution is exaggerated on page 252 more than three thousand-fold. There is a jumble of incorrect French on page 265. Unfortunately, this does not exhaust the list of errors.

In the opening chapter of his book Professor Johnston criticises Carlyle as failing "to resist the high lights of his subject," Taine as "hasty" in much of his erudition, and Sorel as "incorrect in details."

Notes.

"Dorian Days" is the title chosen for the new volume of poems by Justice Wendell P. Stafford of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, announced by the Macmillan Co.

The Chaucer Society will soon publish an important short paper by Professor Skeat, entitled "The Eight-Text Edition of the Canterbury Tales, with especial reference to the Harleian MS. 7334."

A former professor at the University of Liverpool, W. H. Woodward, is preparing for publication a biography of Caesar Borgia, based upon all the published documents and the results of his own researches in the Archivio Segreto of the Vatican, and in other libraries.

Henry Frowde will soon issue the first volume of Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History, edited by Professor Vinogradoff. Included are "English Monasteries on the Eve of Dissolution," by Prof. A. Savine, and "Patronage in the Later Empire," by F. de Zulueta.

The first volume of the collected edition of the works of Fiona Macleod (William Sharp) will soon be issued through Duffield & Co. His writings under his long baffling pseudonym from 1894 to 1905 are here first presented in a complete edition with certain revisions and excisions which have been carefully made by Mrs. Sharp, as editor, according to the wishes and instructions left with her.

Barbey d'Aurevilly is to be honored this week in the erection of two monuments: Rodin's at his birthplace, Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte; that of Mlle. Lucienne Delambre in the Montparnasse cemetery, Paris.

Provost Charles Custis Harrison of the University of Pennsylvania succeeds Dr. C. W. Eliot in the chairmanship of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

The Open Court Company publishes an English translation of Spinoza's "Short Treatise on God, Man, and Human Welfare," rendered from the Dutch edition by Lydia Gillingham Robinson. The chapter on Spinoza from Dr. Albert Schweigler's History of Philosophy is reprinted as an introduction.

The interest in the life of Margaret Gordon, Lady Bannerman, is altogether too

slight to warrant the publication of a volume which, though containing only 139 pages of text, is made bulky by thick paper and expensive by the London tradition. The title of the book, "Carlyle's First Love" (John Lane Co.), will explain, if it does not quite justify the purpose of the author, Raymond Clare Archibald. As a matter of fact, he has extremely little to say about Carlyle, and that little neither very new nor interesting. Those only who are concerned in certain Scotch genealogies will find the book valuable. One reflection it raises. Now that virtually the whole mass of Carlyle material has been published, and all the facts of his career are easily available, why does not some ambitious scholar undertake a thorough revision of Froude's biography? By the correction of dates and quoted texts, by an occasional note or modification of the text where Froude goes too far astray in his interpretation of events, that much maligned life might be restored to its high place. It is scarcely within probability that any one will ever *de novo* write a life that will compare with Froude's in general interest or even, in certain aspects, come as close as Froude's to the real man Carlyle. The great need is to purge it of its errors, and that for the most part could be easily done.

When Carlyle, in 1843, published "Past and Present," the exaggerated cult of optimism which we have to-day was not, as yet, a literary limitation. Carlyle was permitted to write, in his Proem, that "England is dying of inanition," without being ruled out of court. And now one of our latter-day prophets, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, writes an introduction for Carlyle's book, which is published in the World's Classics, by Henry Frowde. Mr. Chesterton is not at his best in this introductory essay. "All skepticism is like seasickness," he writes; and we do not relish the figure. Nor do we admire its expansion: "If you cannot enjoy the universe it is better to throw it up." Mr. Chesterton too often parodies himself in his occasional essays: and this kind of parody is the least admirable of all. When, however, he protests against the everyday use of the words "reactionary" and "progressive" as, inevitably, terms respectively of offence and of praise, we are more sympathetic. "Progress," he writes, "happens, in short, whenever men can endure one tendency for a long time. And reaction happens whenever some particular man can endure it no longer. A progressive is always a conservative; he conserves the direction of progress. A reactionary is always a rebel." There speaks Chesterton in his better vein. And his reactionary rebel is, of course, Carlyle. It is good to have "Past and Present" in this new and excellent reprint.

We are glad to see a good edition from the Clarendon Press, of Hobbes's "Leviathan," one of the great clarifying books, both for its style and its ideas. Nor does such praise necessarily imply an acceptance of Hobbes's theories, or of what would be their equivalent to-day. "It is idle," says W. G. Pogson Smith, in his introductory essay, "to qualify such a political philosophy: it is rotten at the core. It is valueless, save in so far as it stimulates to refutation. We may be content to leave it as a precious privilege to the lawyers, who need definitions, and have no concern with morality.

And yet, no thinker on politics has ever probed its fundamental conceptions more thoroughly; and I say advisedly, if you would think clearly of rights and duties, sovereignty and law, you must begin with the criticism of Hobbes." Mr. Pogson Smith, whose recent death was much deplored at Oxford, shows that he has himself gone deeply into the analysis, not only of Hobbes, but of the political philosophy generally of that age and the next. Some of his remarks are penetrating, as when he speaks of Rousseau's survey of human nature as often strangely and suspiciously resembling that of Hobbes; but he fails, nevertheless, to give us the appreciation of Hobbism still so much needed. His comparison with Rousseau might have set him on the way, but he goes aside to consider subsidiary matters. What we desire is a thorough study of the element of social illusion, which, to Hobbes in the form of kingship, and to Rousseau in the form of the *volonté générale* (and, we might add, to Plato, and other philosophers in a variety of forms), seemed the necessary basis of government. In this, Hobbes and Rousseau agree; they differ in their respective views of human nature as essentially evil and egotistic or good and sympathetic. A proper study of Hobbes must, in the end, be psychological, rather than legal, and such a study Mr. Pogson Smith, with all his knowledge, does not give us.

Readers whose interest in the poet has been revived by his death will find in "Swinburne's Dramas," selected by Arthur Beatty (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), an attractive one-volume edition of "Atalanta in Calydon," "Erechtheus," and "Mary Stuart." The editor has supplied judicious notes explaining classical obscurities, and an introduction apparently not dictated by intemperate enthusiasm. In placing Swinburne beside Matthew Arnold as an interpreter of the results of "The Origin of Species," he touches upon an important subject demanding rather fuller elucidation than he has been able to accord. In praising the rhythmic splendors of the choruses in the Greek plays he emphasizes a poetical virtue felt in varying degrees in the non-dramatic work as well. If this re-offering of the dramas is to be of service in strengthening Swinburne's hold upon the public, it should invite reexamination of what is purely dramatic in the poet's contribution. It will never persuade any one that Swinburne had mastered the art of Webster—"Mary Stuart," though it contains much virile verse, is merely the best in a trilogy of the most formidably undramatic plays in the English language. It should, however, allure some of the sad young people who go about, intoxicated with mortality, chanting lines of "Hesperia" and "The Garden of Proserpine"—

There star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light—

it should allure those hot-blooded lovers of death into the sobering shadows of the Greek tragic spirit. There is in "Atalanta" and in "Erechtheus" not an intellectual, but an emotional depth, a sense of pity and terror, which seems constantly to escape the facile apprehension of critics. It is easy to declare that the abandoned volubility of these plays, especially the earlier, is Swinburnian and not Aeschylean or Sophoclean. On the other hand, it is easy to point with

delight to metrical or pictorial triumphs—the slaying of the boar, the choruses, the sacrifice of Chthonia. To grasp their variety and respond vitally to their unity is another matter. For full participation in the terrific ideas of life, death, and destiny involved in the tragedy of Meleager, or in the magnificent conception of civic duty symbolized by Chthonia, demands a rebirth in the antique world, demands a reader divested, collected, hearkening like the stricken Oedipus for the voice of the God. It is a task for a still, long, sunlit morning or for the privacy of a stormy midnight; and it is worth while.

The authorities of the Jamaica Institute are about to follow up their publication of "Bibliographia Jamaicensis" by the issue of a Bibliography of the West Indies, omitting Jamaica. The work includes all islands in, and lands adjoining, the Caribbean Sea. It is arranged chronologically under each country, and geographically round the Caribbean, beginning at Barbados and ending with St. Vincent. It includes foreign countries and colonies, as well as British possessions, and has a full index. The volume has been prepared by the secretary of the institute, Frank Cundall, who is the author of the "Bibliographia Jamaicensis" (1902), and its supplement (1908). Mr. Cundall has done much to draw attention to Jamaica and other British West India colonies by his writings, which include: "Studies in Jamaica History"; "Biographical Annals of Jamaica"; "Jamaica in 1905" (a handbook of information for intending settlers and visitors); "Brief Guide to an Exhibition of Maps of the Sixteenth Century, illustrative of the Discovery of America," and "Jamaica Place Names." He is collaborating with Dr. Izett Anderson in the preparation of a collection of Jamaica proverbs.

The first volume of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Worth," edited for the North Carolina Historical Commission by Prof. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton of the University of North Carolina, has just appeared. The chief interest of the papers is in the light which they throw on political conditions in that State during the period of civil war and reconstruction. Worth, who entered public life early as a Whig, was one of the most determined opponents of secession, and in 1861 opposed the calling of a convention to consider Federal relations, on the ground that such action by the Legislature was unconstitutional. Like so many of his associates, however, he "went with his State," and while condemning both the war and the conduct of it, was active in urging enlistment and labored faithfully for the success of the cause. His well-known Union sympathies earned him bitter opposition, but in 1862 he was appointed salt commissioner for his country, and presently became State treasurer, in which difficult office he achieved notable success. In August, 1863, he was sure that peace was at hand, and that the masses were for it "on any terms"; but his loyalty to his State forbade him to take any part in the peace movements of 1863 and 1864. When W. W. Holden became provisional Governor, Worth was made provisional treasurer, and later State agent, an office which required him to collect the scattered property of the State which had been seized by Federal officials or stolen outright by individuals. On

the downfall of the Holden administration, at the end of 1865, he became Governor, and had the good fortune to commend himself to Gen. Sickles, the military commander of the district; but with Sickles's successor, Canby, whose administration took little account of either the prejudices or rights of the people, he was at sword's points, though he succeeded in preventing the appointment of Albion W. Tourgee as a judge of one of the State courts. In 1868 he was removed from office "to facilitate the process of restoration," and lived in retirement until his death the following year. Aside from their political interest, the letters afford some information regarding prices and the conditions of business during the war. The few references to the negro are always kindly, but at the end of the struggle Worth was apparently hopeless of finding a satisfactory race adjustment; for he writes to his brother in September, 1865, that "it would be better for you and for everybody else who is a white man to leave North Carolina," since "we who were born here will never get along with the free negroes, especially while the fools and demagogues of the North insist they must be our equals."

As an intimate picture of conditions in the Far West during the last period of its epic history, the period from 1871 to 1883, when even the officers and soldiers of the United States army had to reckon with Indians and desperadoes, we find Mrs. Frances M. A. Roe's "Army Letters from an Officer's Wife" (D. Appleton & Company) more than ordinarily interesting. It is not a pretentious book; the author assures us that "all flowery descriptions have been omitted," but in spite of the lack of such floral ornamentation the wild land between the Mississippi and the Pacific, with its perils and fascinations, is very vividly described. Mrs. Roe was with her husband during sixteen years of service in what was then Indian Territory, Colorado Territory, Montana Territory, and Idaho Territory; and her account of the country and of life in camp bears the stamp of absolute veracity. It is an interesting experiment to recall one's early impressions of Deadwood Dick and his compeers and see how far they square with the realities as described by one who was in the magic land just about when we were reading of it in the dime novels. Mrs. Roe participated in the running down of Indians and was, on several occasions, nearly captured by them. One gathers that, in spite of such recreation as buffalo and antelope hunting afforded, supplemented by dancing and theatricals, the life was an exceedingly hard one. The charm of a more than usually attractive personality is felt throughout the book, whether it is a question of the domestic and social life in officers' circles, hunting parties, or occasional encounters with desperate and gentlemanly outlaws. Mrs. Roe's sojourn beyond the Mississippi was broken by a short stay in the South. At Vicksburg in 1877 she spent three weeks in the house of Jefferson Davis, whom she sketches with a good deal of sincere sympathy.

Calderon, indifferent to the future fortunes of his dramas, gave forth no personally supervised editions of them, apart from a few *autos* or religious plays. After his death, his Gongoristic disciple, Vera

Tassis, published the most complete collection of them, and this, in the opinion of so important a critic as Menéndez y Pelayo, shows probable traces of alterations at the hands of the editor, who is not unduly suspected of having introduced purple patches into some of the best works for the purpose of catching the depraved taste of the end of the seventeenth century. Vera Tassis's edition is, unfortunately, the chief basis of the modern editions of Calderon's plays. In the case, however, of the "Vida Es Sueño" we have also the edition, published (with several other Pieces) by the poet's brother José in 1636, and then, surreptitiously, in the same year, at Saragossa. Making use of the two 1636 prints and of that by Vera Tassis (1685), Dr. Buchanan has prepared the present welcome edition. ("La Vida es Sueño": Comedia famosa de D. Pedro Calderon de la Barca, 1636, edited by M. A. Buchanan. Vol. I. University of Toronto Library). He has undoubtedly improved upon Keil, Hartzenbusch, MacColl, Krenkel, Menéndez y Pelayo and others, who, in the course of the nineteenth century, have sought to present the drama in critical form. In the choice of variants among the readings of his three texts Dr. Buchanan has shown good judgment, and we shall look forward with interest to the appearance of the second volume, in which he is to discuss the previous history of the theme of the play and its general literary importance.

The quarto "Odyssey" printed at the Oxford University Press in the type designed by Robert Proctor will be treasured by all who love what is rare and beautiful. The type itself, as Mr. Proctor has explained, "is based on the celebrated Alcala font of 1514. This was cut by order of Cardinal Ximenes for use in the New Testament of the great Complutensian polyglot Bible, and is usually supposed, though there is no direct evidence, to owe its form to an ancient manuscript which was sent to Spain by Leo X from the Vatican library to serve as the basis for the text of the New Testament in that work." Whatever the origin, it is singularly rich in curves, and, after the first look of strangeness has passed away, easy to read. The Alcala type had only one capital letter, a Π , and for the rest Mr. Proctor was obliged to call on his own inventive ingenuity. He has been highly successful here, with the exception, possibly, of the epsilon and omega, which would have better matched the other capitals, if they had been more angular. But this is a small matter, and we give our opinion here with diffidence. The paper is identical in manufacture with that used by William Morris for his Kelmscott Press. The text is that of Dr. D. B. Monro, issued at Oxford, in 1901. The edition is limited to 225 copies, and the price is four guineas. Such a book is distinctly and frankly a luxury, but why should not scholarship have its own magnificent rewards?

In 1907 the British Academy accepted a gift of £10,000, bestowed in memory of Leopold Schweich of Paris, as the foundation of the "Schweich Trust," to be devoted "to the furtherance of research in the archaeology, art, history, language, and literature of ancient civilization with reference to biblical study." A portion of the income has been appropriated for annual lectures of general interest on the themes

indicated in the foundation. The first addresses were made by Canon S. R. Driver on "Modern Research as Illustrating the Bible" (Henry Frowde). They sketch briefly the progress made in biblical archaeology in the nineteenth century, and, more particularly, describe the information which has been secured recently on the early history of Palestine from the inscriptions and monuments brought to light from excavations. Excellent illustrations accompany the text.

The principles of the "New Thought" movement in American religious circles are set forth in a series of tractates by the Rev. J. Herman Randall, pastor of the Mount Morris Baptist Church of New York. Some of the titles are: "The Real God," "The Subconscious Mind," "The Power of Suggestion," "The Rebirth of Religion." (H. M. Caldwell Co.)

Henry Frank's "Modern Light on Immortality" (Sherman, French & Co.) surveys all history, all biology, and all philosophy in its quest for evidence concerning the problem of life after death. Since the author has no first-hand and little accurate knowledge in any of these provinces, and manifests no sense for the distinction between guessing and reasoning, his book, which is written in pretentious and ungrammatical English, has only the merit of earnestness and of independence of traditional opinions.

The Rev. M. W. Paterson of Trinity College, Oxford, makes no claim of original research for his "History of the Church of England" (Longmans), yet it is an uncommonly good summary. The author's point of view is that of a moderate Anglican, and the treatment is characterized throughout by fairness and self-restraint, even while party spirit still runs so high in the English Church that the books dealing with its history—and they are legion—are all too frequently partisan in method. The account of the ecclesiastical revolution under Henry VIII and of the critical generations that followed is, on the whole, admirable. The eighteenth century, on the other hand, fares very badly. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the brief reference to the deistic movement, and nothing further from the truth than the notion, traditional among English churchmen, that Bishop Butler's "Analogy" gave deism its death blow. Deism succumbed to quite other forces, and hardly an important book of the eighteenth century had less influence in its own day than the "Analogy." The nineteenth century, like the eighteenth, receives relatively too little space. The account of the Oxford Movement is fair and sane, but other matters get scant attention. Taken as a whole, however, the book is one of the best, as it is one of the most readable, of the many brief histories of the English Church.

A bibliography of the hymns of Paul Gerhardt and of the editions of his poems and sermons, the biographies, monographs, popular essays, and addresses, and the musical and dramatic observances occasioned by the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of his birth in 1907, has been prepared by a warm admirer of Gerhardt, Rudolf Eckart. (Pritzwalk: A. Tienken).

The work of Prof. Karl Beth of the Protestant theological faculty of the University of Vienna, entitled "Der Entwicklungs-

gedanke und das Christentum" (Berlin: Edwin Runge), is a sign of the times, as it is an earnestly meant and skilfully undertaken attempt to reach an understanding between the positive principles of Biblical Christianity and the development idea. In the second part of the book Beth shows in detail the influence of this idea on such prominent problems of theology as Theodicy, Sin, the Original State of Man, Revelation, Jesus Christ, and Immortality. Beth concedes that, in view of what the modern development philosophy has accomplished, it is necessary even for orthodox theological thought to make concessions that would have shocked older generations.

The death is announced of William Richard Morfill, professor of Slavonic languages at Oxford University and curator of the Taylor Institution.

From Paris is announced the death of the classical scholar, Henri Weil, who was born at Frankfurt. (1818) and educated at Heidelberg, but became a naturalized Frenchman (1848), and held several academic appointments in the Université de France. In 1882 he was elected to the Académie des Inscriptions, where he succeeded Delaurier. He was the editor of numerous texts and of several works of scholarship, among them "Théorie générale de l'accentuation latine" (in collaboration with Benlœw), 1855; "Études sur le drame antique" and "Études sur l'antiquité grecque," 1900; "Études de Littérature et de rhétorique grecques," 1902.

John Bannister Tabb, a professor at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Md., and, since 1884, a priest of the Roman Catholic church, died on November 19, in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Amelia County, Virginia, and served during the civil war in the Southern navy; becoming in 1864 a prisoner of war. Though his verses have appeared even very recently in the magazines, Father Tabb was some months ago stricken with total blindness. His published work includes "Poems," "Lyrics," "An Octave to Mary," "Rules of English Grammar," "Poems Grave and Gay," "Two Lyrics," and "Quips and Quid-dits."

William M. Laffan, publisher of the New York *Sun* for the last twenty-five years, died November 19 at his home in Lawrence, L. I. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 22, 1848. His education was received at Dublin University. Later he studied at St. Cecilia's School of Medicine. On coming to this country, he entered journalism, and in 1870 became managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Later he became editor and part owner of the Baltimore *Bulletin*. In 1877 he joined the *Sun* as a general writer, being elected publisher in 1884. Three years later he founded the *Evening Sun*. In 1900 he purchased the interests of the Charles A. Dana estate. An abiding interest, other than that of journalism, was that which he always had in the fine arts. During an early visit to the far East, he began those studies of Chinese ceramics which he pursued through his life, the chief monument of which is his catalogue of the Morgan-Garland collection in the Metropolitan Museum. Upon the reorganization of the Metropolitan Museum, after the death of Gen. Cesnola, he was elected a trustee, and

was ever an influential member of the committee on acquisitions. He produced not only a considerable number of essays for newspaper publication, but also a volume entitled "American Wood Engravers," 1883; and he edited several monographs and catalogues.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine* since its organization in 1881, died November 18 in New York city. He was born in Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844. His father was a Methodist clergyman, from whom the author inherited, perhaps, a part of his creative impulse. Owing to his frailness, he was educated at home; but when the Northern cause seemed threatened in the campaign of 1863, his state of health did not deter him from enlisting in Landis's Philadelphia Battery, and he was under fire in the defence of Carlisle. In 1865 he entered newspaper journalism. Five years later he joined the staff of *Hours at Home*, a monthly magazine issued by the Scribners. It was in the same year that *Scribner's Monthly Magazine* was started under the leadership of Dr. J. G. Holland. Dr. Holland made Mr. Gilder managing editor of the new monthly. On the death of Dr. Holland, the managing editor became editor-in-chief; and when, in 1881, the magazine was purchased by Roswell Smith, and the name changed to the *Century*, he continued the editorship of the magazine under its new name. It is as poet, however, rather than as editor, that Mr. Gilder attained the greatest reputation. His first collection of verses, "The New Day," was published in 1875; "Five Books of Song" came out in 1894, and included earlier publications; "In Palestine" was issued four years later; "Poems and Inscriptions" (1901), and "A Christmas Wreath" (1903) and "A Book of Music" (1906), both anthologies, followed. Other books were "For the Country," "Fire Divine," and "In Helena's Garden." But Mr. Gilder was more than editor and man of letters. His enthusiasms included an ever active sense of civic responsibility, and he was an unflagging worker for the city beautiful and the city righteous. As president of the Tenement House Commission of 1894, he achieved invaluable results, and his was one of the voices raised, not in vain, against the abandonment of St. John's Chapel in Varick Street. He was one of the founders of the Society of American Artists and of the Authors' Club, and will be remembered as one of the members of a circle of literary men of whom William Dean Howells and Mark Twain alone survive.

Science.

Ecology of Plants; an Introduction to the Study of Plant-Communities. By Eug. Warming, Ph.D., professor of botany in the University of Copenhagen. New York: Henry Frowde. \$2.90.

To some readers, the name of the branch of botany here treated will, perhaps, be new. It is that division of the science which attempts to answer all possible questions in regard to the mani-

fold relations of plants to their surroundings. It touches, therefore, upon agriculture, horticulture, forestry, and economic botany, and makes use of the methods of morphology, physiology, and taxonomy. In fine, it leaves untouched very few interesting topics in the applied biology of plants.

Professor Warming is a pioneer in this attractive field, and is recognized as its leading authority. His previous works on the subject have obtained wide circulation by their clearness and thoroughness, and have exerted a profound influence. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that botanists receive this volume, which is substantially new in all respects. The English publishers secured the services of two eminent botanists to prepare this edition, and they have had a great advantage over those who have hitherto made translations of scientific works. Professor Warming took the pains to prepare for these two botanists, who may be fairly called his English collaborators, fresh manuscript, and hence this volume differs widely from ordinary translations. He was assisted in the preparation of the work by Dr. Vahl, his associate, and he has been aided throughout by the editorial skill of Professor Groom and Professor Balfour.

Like all new branches of science, oecology has a multiplicity of unfamiliar terms, but the occurrence of these in great numbers in Warming's book must not discourage the general reader, who will find that there is hardly a problem presented which does not have its captivating aspects. Plant-oecology clearly recognizes the fact that every plant, in its struggle for existence, must be in harmony with its surroundings, or must disappear. When, therefore, we have before us a small patch of ground, with established vegetation, we are forced to admit that these competing plants are the survivors in a long fight, which has ended in a truce. If we compare the plants in one limited locality with those which have been peacefully growing together for a long while in another place, we see at once the differences which separate plant-communities. And this brings us face to face with the difficult and absorbingly interesting questions, why the species congregate to form plant-communities, why these have a characteristic physiognomy, and why they are distinctly localized. The "growth-form" of a plant, as it is called, is the external and internal structure, which has developed in complete harmony with the environment. Here we meet the first of the newer technical terms, namely *epharmony* of species. These epharmonic growth-forms are the units in oecology. Leaving out of view the plants which are dependent on other plants for nutrition or for mechanical support, and likewise those which are aquatic, there

remains a vast group of autonomous plants, which are the common species all around us. This immense group has been divided and subdivided skilfully by Warming into minute classes, which have definite characteristics of structure fitting them for specific homes. It is this part of the subject which the general reader can easily strip of all embarrassing technicalities and interpret in terms of the familiar plants around his dwelling-place. Every bit of dry soil assumes a new interest as we look upon it, with its desert vegetation, and every swamp lying in the hot sun becomes a miniature jungle. It is by no means necessary to visit the tropics to find plants worthy of study as valiant fighters against great odds. In the tropics, plants have the climate which is best adapted to the most vigorous growth, but the struggle comes chiefly between the contesting kindred and the intruding strangers. Hence a tropical jungle has no fight against climate, whereas, in a tangled, wet thicket in our so-called temperate climate, plants must contend with untoward climatic influences, with sudden frost, and most unwelcome thawing. Methods of protection against these perils, and the range of injury are among the objects of study in plant-oecology. In short, the oecologist is the historian of an unending battle, and, like the historians of human warfare, he must take precautions against misinterpreting the signs of advance and retreat.

We can heartily recommend this volume to all who are at all interested in the activities of living beings.

The American Anthropological Association and the American Folk-Lore Society will meet in affiliation with Section H of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Boston, December 27, 1909, to January 1, 1910.

The Third International Congress to discuss the education of children at home will be held in August, 1910, under the patronage of the Belgian government, in connection with the Universal Exposition at Brussels. The Congress will consist of five sections, for the study of children, of child-education, of abnormal children, of miscellaneous subjects related to childhood, and of documentation, respectively. Americans wishing to participate in its discussions, or to further its work by becoming members, should correspond with the secretary of the American committee, Prof. W. C. Bagley, Urbana, Illinois.

English writers are awakening to the importance of a scientific study of afforestation. An elaborate volume on this subject is announced by T. Fisher Unwin in Percival Trentham Maw's "Practice of Forestry." The writer was formerly professor at the Cirencester Agricultural College.

"Mendelism," by R. C. Punnett (New York: Wilshire Book Co.), is a work which deserves a better setting than the poorly printed pages and the blurred diagrams of this American edition. The whole treatise is of small size, and comprises only three distinct papers, together with a short but in-

teresting preface by the American editor. The first essay gives in a limited space a clear account of Mendel's experiments and inferences; the second applies the so-called principles to practical improvement of organisms, and the last essay is controversial. The second of these papers ("Applied Heredity") is reprinted from *Harper's Monthly* for December, 1908, and is doubtless remembered by many readers, because of its attractive account of Professor Biffin's successful attempts to improve cereal grains in England.

Drama.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S "STRIFE."

The production of John Galsworthy's "Strife" is the most satisfactory achievement of the New Theatre up to the present time. It is good in itself and an earnest of better things to come. The play, in comparison with the great bulk of contemporaneous stage shows, is a notable piece of dramatic work. It deals with a subject of vital and present interest, it is full of vivid incident and of characterizations which are veritable transcripts from actual life. But it is not a great play, because it is founded upon insufficient premises, is specious and illustrative rather than logical in its development, and because it ends inconclusively, so far as the main problem is concerned, or, at all events, in a moral which is by no means of universal application. The action covers the last six hours of a strike in some tinplate mills, which has been in progress for many months, to the great loss of the employing company and the direst suffering on the part of the workers and their families. The directors, on the one hand, save their president, John Anthony—an indomitable old fighter—and the men, on the other—with the exception of their fanatical leader, David Roberts—are ready to accept a certain compromise, but neither chieftain will yield by a hair's breadth. At last, when the credit of the company has been shaken and ruin is impending, and when Roberts's wife has died of starvation, the more timid directors overrule their chairman, while the men desert their champion, and the original compromise, which would have obviated all the loss and suffering, is adopted. Both the protagonists are discredited and broken, and the savage struggle has been wholly fruitless. "That," says the union delegate as the curtain falls, "is where the fun comes in."

The implication is that all strikes, with their deplorable accompaniments, might be avoided by mutual concessions. That is true. It is also a platitude. But it does not follow, by any means, that a compromise must necessarily be the wisest, or even the most humane, policy. A concession, for instance, that would spell financial ruin

in the near future, would not greatly benefit those who extorted or those who granted it. This is the argument used by old John Anthony and no attempt is made to refute it. This is the essential weakness of Mr. Galsworthy's play, that it generalizes unjustifiably from a particular instance. As a demonstration of familiar and conceded evils, it is picturesque, forcible, and truthful, but it suggests no practical solution of the problem which it proposes. It simply arrays antagonistic facts and figures without any effort to establish a balance between them. But his representation of the conditions which he has selected is admirable. His directors are all live men, most cleverly and consistently differentiated. Anthony and Roberts, bold in contrast, are absolutely veracious types. His workmen and their women are sketched with equal felicity and with rare power of observation. His dialogue, too, is singularly appropriate to each speaker, simple, significant, forcible, and unaffected. He knows how to be realistic, without being vulgar or trivial. And the convincing way in which he was interpreted by the New Theatre company is a most hopeful indication of its future capacity.

Louis Calvert, a little deficient, perhaps, in techneness and choler—in sheer brutal domination—furnished a finished and striking study of narrow but reasoned obstinacy, as President Anthony, while Albert Bruning, an actor of great ability, contributed a really remarkable embodiment of the ascetic, fanatically radical Roberts. His impersonation thrilled with fiery zeal. Another notable characterization was the life-like Welshman of Ben Johnson, with its humorous admixture of piety and prudence. Almost equally good was the passionate acting of Miss Thais Lawton as his daughter, Madge, maddened by a sense of needless misery. Both Mr. Gottschalk and Mr. McVay, the one as a fussy, egoistic and timid, the other as a dull, lethargic, utterly selfish director, acted with humorous veracity, while Mr. Anson, as the younger and more sympathetic Anthony, played with distinction and feeling. The stage setting and management—especially of a mob scene—were admirable. In fact, the whole achievement was of a high order of merit, though a clear mistake was made in shifting the locality of the piece from England to this country. Several of the chief personages are too essentially British to harmonize with their American environment.

A dramatization by Philip Littell of W. J. Locke's "Septimus," which was tried in the Hackett Theatre on Monday evening, did not prove very successful. The story, not easily credible in its original form, seemed still less plausible and much less pleasant when reduced, without much dexterity, to its bare incidents. George Arliss, a dry and mannered but humorous

and skilful comedian, succeeded in reproducing the surface characteristics of Septimus with much cleverness, but failed to suggest the finer intellectual and moral qualities which distinguish him from the common brood of eccentric simpletons. He excited plentiful laughter, and the delicacy of his technical execution commanded admiration, but the true soul of the part eluded him altogether. With Septimus mainly an excuse for merriment, the production, of course, had small dramatic or literary importance.

Recruits for the New Theatre company in New York city include Miss Annie Russell, last seen in "The Stronger Sex," and, just previously, as Puck in a revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Matheson Lang, and Guy Bates Post, who will, it is understood, have the principal rôle in Edward Sheldon's play of the new South, "The Nigger."

Euripides's "Medea" in Gilbert Murray's verse translation will be produced in Jordan Hall, Boston, on the evening of December 10 and on the afternoon of December 11, under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr Club of Boston. The proceeds are to swell the fund being raised for the further endowment of the college. George Riddle, who played Oedipus in the Harvard production of that play, twenty-eight years since, has been appointed coach for the performances. Joseph Lindon Smith is planning and supervising the scenery and costumes, and Malcolm Lang has composed the music for the choruses and is training the singers and accompanists.

Mr. H. B. Irving is steadily growing; perhaps it will not be long before he is generally acknowledged as the legitimate heir to his father's position as master of the English stage. True, he has not yet wholly escaped from his troublesome identification with some of his father's most famous parts. Just now he has attained great success in a revival of "The Lyons Mail," at the Queen's Theatre, London. The *Times* comments (the words are, of course, not Mr. Walkley's) that the genius of the son is the same as his father's in this respect, "that he turns what in the hands of many good actors would be mere melodrama into a vivid and real tragedy."

Formed only in March of the present year, under the special patronage of J. M. Barrie, Ellen Terry, Sir A. W. Pinero, Sir Charles Wyndham, and others, the Playwrights' Association in London is already so well advanced in practical working order as to be able to announce the presentation of two plays at the Aldwych Theatre. These are a comedy in three acts, "Love in a Tangle," by Harry B. Vogel, and a one-act play, "The Debt," from the pen of Mrs. Tom Godfrey—both authors, who, in accordance with the requirements of the "regulations," have not had "a three or four-act play produced by any recognized London management in the evening."

We have referred to the completion of a new drama by Gerhart Hauptmann, of which the title is now announced: "The Night." The piece is intended for the Lessing Theatre, Berlin. The dramatist's brother, Karl Hauptmann, has meantime made his first appearance as a playwright. His offering takes the form of two Napoleon dramas.

Louis N. Parker's English version of the three-act play by René Fauchois, "Beethoven," first given at the Odéon last spring, will be produced by Sir Beerbohm Tree, at His Majesty's Theatre, this evening. The composer is not for the first time presented on the stage; he appeared as a character in a play by Pietro Cossi, produced at Milan, as well as in a German piece, "Beethoven und sein Neffe," by Heinrich Heinemann, and in an earlier French play by Walther Schinz, produced at Paris in 1907.

The Teatro Argentina of Rome, which bears to the Italian stage something of the relation of the Comédie Française to that of France, opens its present season on December 1. The piece chosen for the opening is a comedy by Goldoni. The modern repertory for the season 1909-1910 will include the French plays "Connais-toi," by Paul Hervieu; "Griselda," by Gerhart Hauptmann, and Galsworthy's "Strife." Among the new Italian pieces will be Butti's "Il Paese della Fortuna," Moschini's "Tristano e Isolte," Giulio di Frenzi's "Satur-nale," Cirinini's "Reginetta," Vannicola's "Elsa l'abandonnata," Lucio d'Ambra's "Esuli," Soldani's "Andrea del Sarto," Benelli's "Il Amore dei tre re," and unnamed comedies by Nino Martorio and Vincenzo Morello. There will be also an adaptation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the poet and novelist, Diego Angelo, for the performance of which Mascagni has been engaged to conduct the orchestral rendition of the music of Mendelssohn.

Music.

The Macmillan Company will publish at an early date "A Book of Operas," by H. E. Krehbiel, the veteran musical critic of the New York *Tribune*. An account of the history and plots of the more celebrated operas, with little or nothing of technical criticism, is promised.

A sixth printing of E. L. Burlingame's translation of the "Art, Life, and Theories of Richard Wagner," selected from his writings, is announced by Henry Holt & Co. In this one volume the cream is skimmed from the eleven volumes of the German edition of the master's works.

There is a steady improvement in the quality of the songs selected and printed for use in public schools. "Standard Songs and Choruses," by M. F. MacConnell (American Book Co.), corroborates this statement. It is encouraging to find in such a collection, in place of the trash formerly offered, such gems as Schumann's "Lotus Flower," Schubert's "Hark! Hark! The Lark," Grieg's "To a Primrose," Chopin's "Maiden's Wish." Such songs cannot fail to awaken a love of what is best in music, which ought always to be the chief object of musical exercises in schools, though it seldom is.

The revival of dancing is among the striking phenomena of the day. One of its most interesting branches is well illustrated in "The Folk Dance Book," compiled by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training in the New York public schools (A. S. Barnes & Co.). Here are "The Chimes of Dunkirk," a "Danish Dance of Greeting," a "Shoemaker's Dance,"

a "Children's Polka," a "Vineyard Dance," an "English Harvester's Dance," a "Finnish Reel," a "Cossack Dance," and others in great variety. The music is given in each case, reduced to its simplest form, so that any one can play it at sight; and preceding it are detailed directions to the dancers. This form of exercise combines the elements of song, play, drama, and vigorous muscular work. The present collection is carefully supervised, everything that might prove objectionable being eliminated. The editor pays a tribute to the teachers of physical training and the class teachers in the New York city schools, "whose devoted efforts have developed folk dancing in its legitimate sphere to the great benefit and joy of many thousands of children."

D'Albert, Busoni, Mottl, Reuss, Stavenhagen, Stradal, Wolfrum, and Weingartner are the editors of the complete edition of Liszt's compositions, now being issued in Leipzig by Breitkopf & Härtel. In their prospectus the publishers say pertinently that, if these works really were, as some still maintain, insignificant, the world would have long since passed them by.

Francis Thomé, the composer, died at Paris on November 16, aged fifty-nine years. He had made several popular musical adaptations of poems by Hugo, Musset, Lamartine, etc., and was the author of numerous compositions for pianoforte, as well as of songs and of operas, including "Roméo et Juliette."

Art.

TWO KINDS OF REALISM.

In the past days the National Museum at Rome and our own Metropolitan Museum have put on exhibition each a Greek statue displaying the unusual characteristic of realism. Yet a greater contrast than these two marbles afford can hardly be imagined. One has to remind himself that the Temple Ministrant of Rome, a mere serving maid at her work, is not a nymph or even a goddess, while at first glance the Old Market Woman of the Metropolitan strikes one as a bad *genre* piece of no very ancient date. Yet both were cut by Grecian hands, presumably not a century, either way, from the Venus of Milo. On close scrutiny also, the nobler figure of the two appears the most conscientiously realistic, while the meaner form is prettified for effect. We have to do with contrasting ideals of Greek realism, and since realism is the leading artistic motive of our generation, a comparison of the two manners should be instructive.

First, as nearer at hand, we will look at the Old Market Woman. She strains forward crying her wares. The whole body is contorted as by a sort of recoil from her vociferation. Her right arm, now missing, brandished some daintily before a possible buyer; her left clasps two fowls to her side while the hand holds a laden basket. Her brow and

exposed breasts display the outrages of time, but her legs and sandalled feet have through the drapery the easy elegance of a Tanagra statuette. The artist has flinched from creating a complete effigy of shrivelled decrepitude. No Greek has given us the tragic fact embodied so pitifully in Rodin's *Armorer's Wife*. This Market Woman is caught at her most energetic moment, at one of those instants in which she defied her habitual lassitude. Surely, the theme is highly characteristic. Why, then, is the impression of the thing so unsatisfying? An examination of the Temple Ministrant will go far to answer the question.

The Temple Ministrant at Rome is plainly a daughter of the people. Her sturdy body is girt by a clumsy yet decorative mass of drapery rolled tight to raise the impeding garment from her ankles. Her hair shows nothing of that elaboration which we have come to regard as invariable in Greek sculpture. Two short tresses are drawn forward from the nape of the neck and roughly knotted over the brow—just the easiest method of getting the hair out of the way. The head is as boyish as the figure. The Girl of Anzio, as the Italians call her affectionately after the place of her discovery, is standing intent on some minor office in the cult. Her left arm bears the fragment of a salver upon which stood some utensil needed for the service. Her firmly poised body betrays her solicitude. The eyes regard the salver fixedly, less with reverence, it seems to us, than with a simple determination that the trifling service shall be well performed. Yet the beauty of this menial action is akin to that of the processional marbles of the Parthenon, and the realistic traits in figure, costume, and hair-dressing so readily adjust themselves to the grand style of the whole that only with difficulty does one perceive that these elements are quite exceptional. The whole thing is of a lofty yet intimate beauty which finds Christian expression in the familiar lines:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

Between the Temple Ministrant and the Old Market Woman there is an immense difference in workmanship, the latter being quite mediocre in execution, but this difference is transcended by a far deeper discrepancy in vision. Whoever made the Old Market Woman saw her as she chose to be seen, and as every passer-by saw her. He accepted for his theme just the insight of everybody about. Whoever created the beautiful Temple Ministrant managed to see something that probably everybody else overlooked. The common gaze doubtless would have been on the statue of the divinity, or on the officiating priest. It was the artist who caught the simple majesty of that robust figure poised as it held faithfully a cup, a knife, or some

such nothing. The joy of that discovery we feel as we look upon the Girl of Anzio.

Yes, the difference transcends technic. You might put the Roman statue through a series of casts and reductions until in handling it became infinitely the inferior of the Old Market Woman, yet it, whatever its debasement, would remain wholly superior as a work of art. It is, as with all creation, a question of vision. If you do your seeing with simple curiosity, accepting unchallenged the average testimony of the eye and the casual observation of all the world, no technical mastery will save the result from cheapness and essential insignificance. The true artist is the aristocrat of the eye. He makes his bold exclusions and stern selections. He looks deep into appearances, and is wary of their immediate appeal. Thus he reveals things that the rest of us are too hurried or too untrained to see at all. Let no one say that the mere age and ugliness of the Old Market Woman are the trouble. She simply is seen too quickly and at the wrong moment. There is now at the Union League Club, a picture by Daumier in which market-women and decrepit clerks are huddled into a third-class compartment, and the group and each individual have the sombre distinction that we associate with Michelangelo and Millet. It seems all a matter of the aristocracy of the eye. Otherwise the difference between the artist and the average man would be merely quantitative—only that, for example, between the champion golfer and the awkward amateur.

The Story of Dutch Painting. By C. H. Caffin. New York: The Century Co. \$1.20 net.

Mr. Caffin has taken advantage of the Loan Exhibition of Dutch painting to bring out one more of those books which he produces with such facile amenity. He gives in attractive form a considerable amount of historical and biographical information of timely interest. His enthusiasms are safe, his style engaging and well-bred—in fact, he commands so many of the qualifications of an æsthetic mentor that one feels a distinct ungraciousness in going below the suave appearance to the critical reality. And, first of all, though much is said about the times, the lives of the artists, and the subjects of the pictures, surprisingly little is said about the pictures themselves—and that often in very general terms. Frequently words are used in the loosest sense. "Abstract," for example, as applied to Rembrandt, seems to mean nothing more than spiritual. But the word leads Mr. Caffin into linking Rembrandt up with the Far Eastern painters and the modern followers of Matisse. Now, these moderns may or may not belong in this gallery, but nothing is more certain than that

the most phantasmagoric invention of Rembrandt is based firmly on reality. He always consents to the appearance, nowever he may sublimate it for his own purposes. To confound him with the Buddhist painters, real followers of the abstract, only wastes words. Botticelli, Greco, Goya, Blake, may seem variously to belong in such a category, but hardly Rembrandt. Mr. Caffin is caught as he frequently is by putting on an equal basis the artist's concrete work and his own inferences as to its spirit.

The neglect of facture as such will, indeed, seem to many the cardinal defect of this interesting book. One might read it without grasping that masterly touch by which main planes and linear accents are made identical, which is the especial contribution of Frans Hals to painting. Again, Hals is called "a follower of surfaces" as if that were a defect in a painter. Note the subtle confusion between the literary and technical connotation of the term. Mr. Caffin seems to imply superficiality as a defect where an artist would regard it as a high merit. One may well doubt whether those pathetic masterpieces, the latest of Hals's regent pictures, do, indeed, bespeak a senile decline. Fromentin said as much, but still felt the rare emotional qualities of the work. But is it possible that only palsy and failing sight put Hals in position to compete with Rembrandt? Many will feel that here we have to do with an ultimate and superb experiment. The later years of Titian afford an interesting parallel, and here, too, we are asked to believe that his most tremendous work is a product of disintegration. Such judgments will bear revision.

Vermeer of Delft is treated with a somewhat perfunctory enthusiasm, for here our guide fears lest we be over-persuaded by a consummate technique—a peril which is possibly small. There is no recognition of the variety and loveliness of the textures; even Chardin is not Vermeer's superior in this regard. But, again, such considerations may seem perverting to the simplicity of the popular view of art.

This book, with its numerous well-chosen reproductions from European galleries, will hardly serve the turn of those who love painting as such. Those, however, who wish merely information about artists and their times, and discursive meditation about pictures, will find it both edifying and entertaining.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have received sample sheets, with a plate of Count A. de Laborde's "Les Manuscrits à peintures de la Cité de Dieu de Saint Augustin." This fine work will be published in largest folio with more than one hundred and thirty heliogravures. The edition (for sale) is limited to 100 copies, and the price is 250 francs. Of the bibliographical value of the work the name of the author is a guarantee.

From the same source we have the prospectus of "Die Bildnisminiatur in Deutschland von 1550 bis 1850," by Ernst Lemburgen. The form is small folio; there will be 65 colored and 300 monochrome reproductions; the edition is of 400 copies, and the subscription, subject to increase after December 5, is from 200 marks, according to binding.

The sculptor Rodin and the art-critic and poet Charles Morrice are collaborating on a book treating of old French churches.

When the late Mr. Walters of Baltimore invested in Barye bronzes, Barye and his friends, the painters at Barbizon, were held in cheap consideration by their compatriots. The Baltimore man bought the sculptor's works, Scotch amateurs the painters'. They were wise in their generation. A good opportunity to see Barye at his best is afforded by the exhibition of some of his bronzes at the Cottier Galleries in New York city. There are fine Baryes, many of them early proofs, at the Metropolitan, and there was an excellent collection to be seen last season at the Grolier Club, but these specimens were and are shown under glass. At Cottier's one sees the bronzes quite exposed. And to appreciate such work to the full, this is the great condition.

Peter Kroeyer, the Danish painter, died in Copenhagen November 21.

Pierre Langlade, the designer whose death is announced from Scotland, was of French birth, but had long resided in that part of the world where he died at the age of ninety-seven. Another artist, English by adoption, who has recently died at the age of eighty-one, is Edward Rischgitz, a native of Hungary. A pupil of Corot's, he has been better known as a teacher than as an exhibiting artist. He was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and the author of books on tapestry designing and china painting.

Finance.

THE WHOLE WORLD'S HARVEST.

The Liverpool estimate of Broomhall on the whole world's wheat crop of 1909, perhaps the most important of the annual European calculations, is at hand this week. It shows the present year to have established an absolute high record in wheat output. The 3,346,968,000 bushels named as the world's total mean an increase of $9\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. over the 3,063,280,000 of 1908. Compared with the 3,226,768,000 bushels of 1906, the previous record, the increase is $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent.; compared with the year of scarcity, 1907, it is 15 per cent.

Two continents exceed all preceding records with their wheat production—North America and Europe. North America runs 17,000,000 bushels above 1901, which was the previous record. Europe's total runs 158,616,000 bushels beyond 1908, and surpasses the previous high record, that of 1906, by 21,160,000. Every important wheat-growing country of the world shows increase over the pre-

vious year except Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Spain. Russia's harvest runs 68,800,000 bushels beyond its previous high record. Canada's crop is 24,000,000 bushels above its best previous yield. The English harvest is the largest since 1899, and with that exception the largest since 1892; though it is highly interesting to observe that its 64,000,000-bushel yield of 1909, while making these encouraging comparisons, is still less than half the 140,000,000-bushel harvest of 1855, which has never since been equalled.

No such change in the world's grain trade from the two years of actual scarcity, 1907 and 1908, could occur without important results on commerce, finance, and industry. The wheat crop shortage of 1907, pretty much throughout the world, may have had some effect in aggravating the financial disturbances of that year. The failure of 1908 to replenish the empty storehouses—the whole world's "visible supply" of wheat, at the end of that year's harvest, was 14,000,000 bushels below even that of a year before—caused the past season's enormous shrinkage in the international grain trade, and also made possible the extortionate price to which wheat and flour were raised in last May's "Patton corner" at Chicago. It is a matter of interest, then, to inquire how far the financial situation generally will be benefited by the new turn in events.

The two immediate questions which arise are: first, what is the bearing of this harvest on the world's industrial prosperity, and, second, what is its bearing on our own export trade in grain? That return to abundant harvests, after scarcity, will be a help to better times, is a certainty. It is commonly said that the world-wide industrial activity of 1906 and 1905 had its origin largely in the world's bumper wheat crops of those years, and the inference is reasonable. It is also true, however, that the wheat yield does not settle everything. The world's bad wheat crop of 1889 was accompanied by an industrial "boom," and the two years of troubled markets, 1893 and 1894, broke all previous records in the harvests. This does not prove that good crops or bad crops had no effect at all, but it shows that the harvest's influence may be superseded by other economic forces. In the years referred to, it was the money market whose influence was paramount. Unbounded financial confidence and easy credit offset the bad world's harvest of 1889; derangement of money markets, due to abuse of capital and credit, offset the good harvest results of 1894 and 1893.

Our export trade in wheat will be influenced necessarily by the fact of bumper crops abroad. In so far as Europe raises enough to feed itself, it has less need to draw on the United States; and even in those European markets which must always buy foreign wheat, Russia

and Canada are already competing actively with our exporters. This would apparently mean that wheat prices cannot continue high. The question of storehouses depleted as a result of two short crops just before 1909, is, however, also to be considered. The granaries of the world, on November 1, held 30,000,000 bushels less of wheat than in 1906, but slightly more than in 1908 or 1907. What is more immediately interesting is that the stored-up supply in Europe's hands, though still some 12,000,000 bushels below November, 1906, is above all other years since 1904. In other words, a long forward step has already been taken towards restoring normal equilibrium between supply and demand.

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 Church, S. H. *Religious Progress in America*. Address del. before the Centennial Convention of the Christian Church, Oct. 16. Pittsburgh, Pa.: R. P. Morris.
 Coggins, P. H. *Parliamentary Law*. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
 Collins, W. W. *Cathedral Cities of Spain*. Dodd, Mead. \$3.50 net.
 Doyle, A. C. *The Crime of the Congo*. Doubleday, Page.
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 Elliot, G. F. S. *Botany of To-day*. Phila.: Lippincott. \$1.50 net.
 Emerson, R. W. *Journals*, Vol. I, 1820-1824; Vol. II, 1824-1832. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.75 net, each.
 English Love Poems Old and New. Edited by H. S. Krans. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
 English Prose Fiction. A selected list of about 800 titles and authors. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co. 15 cents.
 Feininger, K. *An Experimental Psychology of Music*. Aug. Gemünder & Sons.
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 Ffoulkes, C. *Armour & Weapons*. Frowde. \$2.15 net.
 Ford, S. *Honk Honk!!* Mitchell Kennerley. 50 cents.
 Forsyth, M. I. *The Beginnings of New York*. Boston: R. G. Badger.
 Foster, John W. *Diplomatic Memoirs*. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin. \$6 net.
 Frewen, H. M. *Light Among the Leaves*. London: David Nutt.
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 Green, O. *One Thousand Salads*. Putnam. \$1 net.
 Griffith, H. S. *Patty of the Circus*. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
 Hale, P. L. *The Madonna*. Boston: Bates & Guild Co. \$1.50.
 Hall, J. R. *The Bourbon Restoration*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$4 net.
 Hare, T. T. *A Junior in the Line*. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
 Hayes, E. *Letters to a College Girl*. Boston: G. H. Ellis Co. 65 cents.
 Higgins, A. C. *A Little Princess of Tonopah*. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co.
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 Insel Almanach auf das Jahr 1910. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag.
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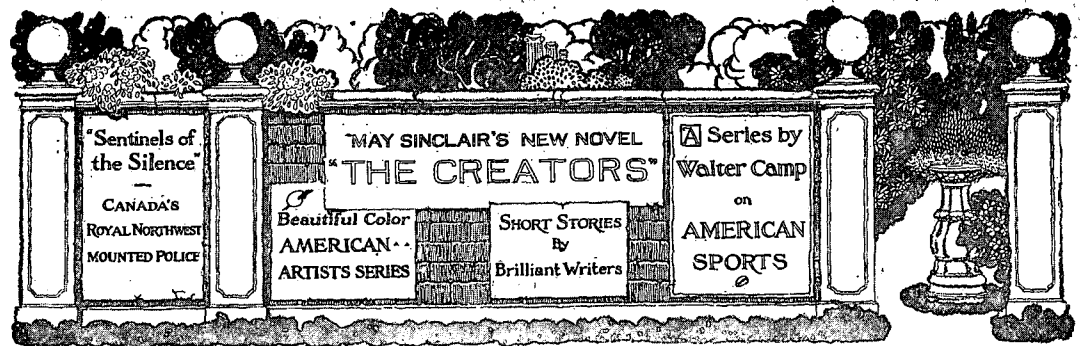
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